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PHILIP PHILLIPS.
BY REV. ALEXANDER CLARK.

Philip Phillips, whose name has become so familiar in the homes of American and British Methodism, was born in Western New York, August 13, 1834. His father was an early settler in that part of the country, and reared a large family to habits of industry and in the culture of the Gospel. The Phillips family was known as one where peace and humble plenty crowned the board, and the weary itinerant often shared its hospitality. One thing that made this fireside bright and inviting to the stranger, and hallowed in all its associations to parents and children themselves, was the practice of singing in family worship. This exercise, instead of being a task or form, was a delightful privilege, enlisting the hearts, because it engaged the thoughts and the voices of the entire domestic circle. Here, in the sweet atmosphere of worship and work, affectionately attached to the dear ones of home, Philip became in youth a lover of Jesus, and a singer of His precious name.

When but eight years of age, he was called upon to endure a trial, — the hardest for any child to bear, — the loss of his mother. She was a pious woman, a busy disciple in her home and neighborhood, ever serving by word and deed her blessed Master. Quietly, earnestly, and ceaselessly she won souls to Christ by her consistent life and example. The death of such a mother was a wound to little Philip's heart, which neither the soothing fondness of a father, nor the lifting cheer of brothers and sisters could ever wholly heal. Indeed, his most intimate friends have said that he has never recovered from the sore distress. There has been a plaintive tone to his conversation and singing ever since, as though, while a happy Christian and well assured of heaven, his sorrow should mellow into song and echo its cadences along the valley and upon the delectable mountains of the pilgrim's life.

His father's circumstances were those of many a working man, limited as to the measure of worldly wealth. This fact had compensation in the industrious habits it elicited in the children. Young Philip's education was combined with manual labor, and was all the better for that. From infancy, his taste and talent for music had been the subject of remark, and through all his days of toil upon the farm, he lightened his tasks by singing. One peculiarity of the boy was that he sang nothing but hymns. He found in sacred song all he needed to express joy and rapture. He was especially happy in singing the emotional words of Charles Wesley. They seemed to him as the very breath and atmosphere of praise!

While a lad, he often led the country singing-classes in winter evenings; and he was expected to conduct the singing in the social and public worship of the congregation with whom he regularly attended. When

thirteen years old, he made a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a warm-hearted and diligent member of the Church from the beginning of his avowed discipleship, and was always ready to engage in efforts to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

At seventeen, he bound himself as a laborer on a dairy farm, and remained in that occupation until he was twenty-one, when his term of apprenticeship expired, and he received as his capital for further business, two suits of clothes and one hundred dollars.

instructors. His musical education was thus thorough in the first lessons, and so directed as to develop in practical results in maturer life. He sang much as he studied, his voice strengthening and sweetening all the while; he carried his industry into his learning and into his reading, holding conventions, awakening the people, gladdening the children, and selling his own and other popular compositions for his living.

From this hearty committal to the mission of sacred music, he has gone on to wonderful proficiency in his work. His musical compilations in book form have

reached enormous sales; and his personal popularity as the "Singing Pilgrim," is unparalleled in the sphere which he has chosen. Over 600,000 copies of his "Musical Leaves" have been sold. During two years his "Singing Pilgrim" has reached a sale of upwards of 250,000 copies. His last work, and perhaps his best, the "Standard Singer," bids fair to eclipse either of the others in the extent of its circulation.

During the war Mr. Phillips contributed largely to the Christian Commission by his public performances. He was called upon in nearly all the principal cities to sing in halls, churches, hospitals, everywhere, throughout the North, and East, and West, to aid in the great work of comforting the soldiers.

In the summer of 1868, he visited Europe, with a view of resting awhile from his incessant work, but his fame had preceded him, and his journey was an ovation of song and congratulation. He captured the British Lion with his pathetic voice. While in England he compiled for the London Sunday-school Union a volume of melodies, which has already become a favorite there.

In his public efforts Mr. Phillips is very attractive. His song distills like dew over men's souls, and drips like precious ointment on the heart. He seems natural and simple, tender and trusting as a child. He draws his audience toward him by unseen forces, by the outstretching circles of blessed sounds, from the first, and as he sings on he gets the people nearer and nearer to him, until he and they are one. The electric currents of his own soul run like divine fire through his audience. He intones our feelings with his own, leavens us with his own inspiration, and makes us sad and joyous at times, as his song sparkles with light, or trembles out its quivering accents of sorrow.

Mr. Phillips is an enthusiastic endorser of congregational singing, and always compels the audience to raise heart and voice in unison with him. His mission will do much to make the world perceive the beauty and happiness of Christian life, and to awaken the churches to the excellence of congregational worship of song.



This, with a healthy body, which industry had given him, a studious mind, which culture had given him, and a good name, which Jesus had given him, was ample outfit for a useful career.

Having been successful in teaching music to the young people, and especially in teaching hymns to the Sunday-schools, he pursued the study of music as a science with considerable attention, attaining some popularity as a composer of tunes. He met with but little encouragement from his family at first, they believing the subject of music to be an enjoyable gift rather than a means of livelihood, or an agency for doing good. But, with commendable perseverance of mind and strong attachment of heart, he continued in his chosen pursuit, until the field he tilled began to bloom with beauty and glow with promise of future and abundant harvest. About this time he attended a Normal Musical Institute, under the celebrated Dr. Lowell Mason, and other eminent

Original and Selected Papers.

REVELATIONS.*

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

A bunch of roses in my hand,
I sat beneath a tree,
Rejoicing in their opening bloom,
Soothed by their delicate perfume,
To quiet reverie.

Sudden, from out the azure sky,
A bird came swooping down;
He touched my bright flowers daintily;
But never on so strange a tree,
Had such fair roses blown.

And my affrighted visitant
Made not one moment's stay;
He spread anew his wings and fled,
Far swifter than he downward sped,
To the blue heavens away.

But the sweet influence remained,
That with the bright one came,
Causing a thrill of joy to dart,
Sudden as lightning through my heart,
And stir my languid frame.

Thus to the dull and downcast soul,
Some heavenly truth is sent,
The worth of love divine to prove;
To fire anew the faith and love,
That, else, were almost spent.

The bird, whose tiny feet and bill,
Scarce touched my blooming flowers,
A glad and grateful influence shed,
Imparted happiness that spread,
Through many pleasant hours.

And strength and hope and peace are given,
Which do not soon depart,
To age, to prime, to earnest youth,
By some warm, living, loving truth,
Though scarce it touch the heart.

The roses that at morning hour,
Droop heavily with dew,
Need but one touch to lighten them,
When up they spring anew,
To bask and wave and glory in
The sunshine and the air,
And hearts o'erladen, just as much,
Are lightened by a single touch,
As the sweet roses are.

* Suggested by a sermon.

OUR JUBILEE.

Extracts from a Sermon preached in Tremont Temple, June 20, 1869, by Rev. J. D. Fulton.

"And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth." — Rev. v. 9, 10.

THE MOUNT OF SONG.

There are head lands from which we seem to be able to gaze through heaven's open portals, and catch glimpses of what is to be, in the land beyond the river. What Pisgah was to Moses, that the Peace Jubilee, with the grand choral harmonies shouting praises unto Christ, King of kings, and Lord of lords, has been to many of the citizens of our land. From Pisgah Moses beheld Canaan, and the cities which Joshua was to capture, and which Israel was to hold. From the Mount of Song we have gained an idea of what may well be the occupation of heaven. Think of the multitudes of the redeemed, led by the 144,000 as a grand chorus, singing so loud, that John declared, "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps; and they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the one hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." Imagine this countless multitude listening, and at last bursting out into this refrain, as every eye is fastened on the Son of God, who takes the book in which the future is described, and unlocks the seals, while the four beasts and the four and twenty elders sing, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." These are but single stanzas of an endless song which shall embody the history of redemption, if not the history of creation.

No one, I am convinced, could have heard the chorus singing the praises of Christ Jesus our Lord, and then have noted that tall, magnificent figure of Parepa's, as she stood forth the central object of regard, and the personification of a musical harmony, and have heard her, as she led the way up the steeps of song until her trill seemed to break over the boundaries of time, and soar away over the hill-tops of eternity, without gaining a fresh conception of

the enjoyments of heaven, and of why so much is said about the song of the redeemed.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Music is the language of the universe. Not necessarily allied to fabricated words or perishable idioms, it is ever a living tongue, requiring neither dictionary nor interpreter to fetch back its departed allusions.

It is said that it is possible there may be an instrument invented, so that we may catch the music of a snow-flake, or a rain-drop, as these poetic messengers of the skies fly through the air. Whether this be true or not, we know that in those things already grasped by our senses, music prevails. In God's cathedral, the forest, with tower oaks, pine spires, branch flying buttresses, the circular stained windows of the setting sun, the altar drapery of tinted and gilded clouds, there is music; the countless host of the insect choir hum their vespers to the One Supreme; little plumed warblers continually do cry hosannas in their delicate trebles; heart-broken doves chant with the trills of the falling leaf and chromatics of the bearing breeze, the notes of the Misericord; and the mocking-bird — tenor of musical sound, miracle of bold transformations — echoes and reechoes the universal orison through all its modulations of untaught praise. This, however, is of the earth, and may perish with the earth. There is something more enduring than this.

THE NEW SONG.

The praise of God's intelligent creation composes a part of the eternal realities of life. Every note, every chord, every musical combination, that embodies and floats the praise of Christ Jesus, has life in it, and will live and enter into that harmony of which John wrote, and in which the redeemed figure.

But the songs to Him are not bounded by the praises of men. John "beheld, and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

It did not stop even there. The refrain, swelling around the throne, is caught up by "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

WHO SHALL SING IT?

Shall any of us be left out of that chorus? We know that preparation is necessary here; why shall it not be necessary there? The lips must be taught to sing of Jesus here, if they shall be privileged to sing of Him hereafter.

Let it be noticed, Christ is honored because of this great fact of redemption. How little we make of it! Men are willing to leave Christ out of their hosannas on earth. But He cannot be forever excluded. Christ bides His time.

Those shall take part in the coming jubilee who refused to share in any jubilee of earth in which Christ was ignored. Strange tests are constantly being given. The eye of a jealous God and of a sensitive Christ is on us. He loves to have us care for His honor. Indeed, John declares that none could learn that new song except those who had followed the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb.

How solemn the thought — for us this time hastens on. This Jubilee Festival is suggestive. It is to what is coming what the song of the sea-shell is to the roar of the ocean when lashed into fury by winds and storms.

We live in years into each of which is crowded the work of centuries. A day brings forth now more than a century brought forth in former times. Time rushes more rapidly as it nears its final fall. The future approaches us like a rising tide, and destinies solemn as the soul stretch out before us. Are we not called on to ascertain clearly our relative position? What matters it that the Jubilee draws on, that this is to be Immanuel's land, that Jesus, who offers to be our Saviour, is to come forth robed in royal apparel, the central figure of the universe, before whom all created intelligences shall bow, and to whom overtures of praise shall be poured forth? What matters it that the music which shall fill the air shall be sung by those who have been made glad by the coming of Christ, if we shall have no part in it? There remaineth a rest, but it shall be for the people of God. The city shall come down from God out of heaven, but it shall be for the people of God. The promises that gild the future, and make it glorious, are for the people of God. The prophecies that are yet in the book unfulfilled, proclaim hope and joy to the redeemed; despair and sorrow to those who know not God. The question of questions is this, "Am I Christ's, and is He mine?"

Preparations are being made for the coming event. In some places the work goes on noiselessly by means of the silent workings of truth, and in other parts wars shake the land, because of the revolutionary edicts of God. By and by the end will come. Are you ready for it? Just as in the great building, in which so many thousands have gathered, the world saw naught of the decorations and

arrangements while gazing upon its plain exterior, so, be assured, the work which is wrought by God and for God, is very much of it hidden; but the hour hastens on when the doors of the future will be thrown open, and the multitude which no man can number shall be called together to give glory to Him who hath redeemed us.

THE ETERNAL JUBILEE.

When the Christian's Jubilee shall come, then the outlook will be forever glorious. Peace shall have come to stay. Every flower that decks the earth shall reflect the splendor, and send up as incense the fragrance of the Sun of Righteousness; every sound in creation, the chime of waves, the breath of winds, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, shall lose the minor sound that now runs through them all, and with Christ for their key-note, shall be woven into the harmony of a happy universe; every mind shall be light, every heart love, and every tongue shall be praise.

This is the Jubilee for which I desire to keep my harp well strung, and in tune; for this is the future for which Jesus is making preparation, and this the feast of love spread for those who shall crown Him Lord of all.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOSTON CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. A. MCKEOWN.

Boston is directive and determining in its influence. It gives type and tone to the nation's thought and the nation's life, more than any other city of the Union. It is a focal centre of influences nation-wide, world-wide. There is no spot in our country, perhaps not in the world, where it is so important for a man to lead a truly devoted Christian life as here in Boston. It is a great literary emporium — the Athens of America. It has this prestige. This, too, is the stronghold of skepticism in this country. Here the modern Antichrist has his seat. Here are the Malakoff and Redan and Vicksburg of an astute, refined, specious infidelity. They must be reduced by siege. You may hurl your columbiads of argument against them as long as you please without effect. There is no way to take these works of the enemy, but to sit down before them, as Grant did before Vicksburg, in a long, patient, heroic struggle at well-doing. We must invest them with the invincible works of a calm, steady, persistent, consistent piety. Before this they will fall.

Here is some of the hardest fighting that is to be done at any point on the field. God calls us to it. He knows His men. If in His providence, He has assigned us to our proper place, we are the men for the work. We are charged with the responsibility of upholding His cause here. We must hold this strategic point at all hazards. An anecdote is told of Col. Moody, the "fighting parson," in our late war, that at a critical moment in one of the battles, his superior officer called him to him, and pointing to a certain position on the field, said, "Col. Moody, will you hold that point?" "I'll try," said the Colonel. "Will you hold it?" repeated the General. "I'll try, I'll do my best," said Moody. "Will you hold it?" thundered the General again. Moody understood him; his eye flashed. "I will!" he said, "God helping me, living or dying!"

With such emphasis as this, it seems to us, God says to the Christians of Boston, Will you hold this point? Will you hold it? There ought to be a united, determined effort on the part of all Christians, of every name, to hold Boston true to the faith of the Gospel.

It will cost an effort. It will cost an effort to maintain the honor of Christ here, where so many are preaching down His claims, and ridiculing His sacrifice. But this is precisely the point in our faith we must not yield — the Godhead of Jesus Christ and the Atoning Sacrifice of His death. This is the heart of the Gospel — the citadel of the faith. The forces of infidelity are massed against it in Boston and vicinity. With a daringness of blasphemy which makes men's blood run cold, the only way to heaven through "One Mediator between God and man," as held by the Christian Church of all ages and denominations, is represented as "a trap-door in the sky, dripping with the blood of a crucified Nazarene." We cannot expect to hold Boston without a struggle. But we must hold it. We must preach Christ. We must hold Him up as the Divine Being and only Saviour. We must preach Him by the unanswerable logic of a blameless life in His service. We must seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit from His hand, by whom His claims are vindicated, and His Gospel proved to be the power of God and the wisdom of God. Wherever a man stands up and preaches Christ, and sinners are convicted under the Word, and cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" there is a vindication of Christ's claims by the Spirit. Wherever a man kneels and prays with a weeping penitent in the name of Christ, and his prayers are heard, and the sinner is converted, there is a vindication of Christ's claims by the Spirit. We need the revival power in our churches, convicting and converting sinners, to answer and silence the caviling of infidelity: we need nothing more.

It will cost an effort to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath day about Boston, where so many of those same persons who would strip Christ of His Divinity, would strip

the holy day of God of its sacredness and hallowed rest. Under the specious plea of holding all days sacred, they would deprive us of any sacred day. They would throw open libraries, reading-rooms, picture-galleries, concert halls, and even theatres. They would turn the Lord's Day into one of sports, recreation, and sinful pleasures. They would make Boston another Paris. "One Paris," said Dr. Dewey, "is enough." When one remembers how much there is in the human heart that favors throwing off religious restraint, that is ready to aid all such attempts to dishonor God and His holy day, one may well tremble for our Christian Sabbath. It is essential to the progress of Christ's kingdom. Public worship could not be maintained without it. Christianity could not progress without it. Hence the zeal of the haters of Christ to break it down; and hence should be our zeal to keep it up. Christians should combine on this point, and enter into solemn league and covenant, that this day of holy rest and worship — this type of heaven — which lies at the basis of all our religious life and all our national progress, shall never be obliterated. They should put no man into office, who will vote or speak for the abrogation of the Sabbath as a day of sacred rest and religious observance.

It will cost an effort to keep up the public worship of God in Boston. Men are saying, as they did in the last, degenerate days of the Jewish nation, "It is vain to serve God, and what profit is it that we have kept His ordinances?" The sanctuary is deserted. Notwithstanding the tolerably large congregations in most of our churches on fair Sundays, they are but a fragment of the people. We have not church accommodations for half our population; and what we have are not more than half occupied. The masses do not attend the house of God. They never go. Probably one hundred thousand of our adult population never enter a place of Christian worship. Half of the remainder are but seldom there. What are we coming to? How any member of Christ's flock, or even lover of His kind, can set the example of staying away from church, and thus give his personal influence to encourage and increase this desecration of the Day of God, and desertion of the sanctuary, is more than we can understand. We must be willing, dear brethren and sisters, to sacrifice our ease and indolence, to exert our energies, to meet with God's people to keep holy day. We should not so over drive our physical natures during the week, that they must fall into a syncope on Sunday. We must not thus "rob God," and bring ruin on ourselves and our country.

It will cost an effort, we say, to perform these Christian duties in this latitude — maintain the glory and atonement of Christ — the sanctity of the Sabbath — the public worship of God — but it will be worth the effort to do it here. If these things can be made to prevail and become characteristic here, it will go far to make them general and respected elsewhere. A blow struck for Christ here will be felt to the extremities of the Republic.

DO YOU USE YOUR TALENT?

One of my earliest recollections is that of attending meeting at a cottage house, in a little village where the Methodist local or itinerant preachers used to hold forth once a week. The man at whose house these meetings were held, filled the office of class-leader to the humble society. I shall never forget that dear good brother, for he was truly a real old-fashioned Methodist, of a class who went in for a good meeting and were not afraid to open their mouths, and speak from the fullness of their hearts, though their words might not, in all respects, accord with the rules of grammar. This good brother's education had been very meagre, and he certainly lacked gracefulness of speech, but for all that, he was a constant speaker in meeting, and one also whom both old and young (even of those whose education was much superior) delighted to hear, and it is not too much to say that he did much good. He had always something to say to the point, and it never failed to be full of fire. It seemed as though he had adopted for his motto in speaking, "short and hot," but perhaps he could not have been lengthy, even if he had desired (a good thing if it could be said of some who are in the habit of speaking in meeting now).

I remember hearing him on one occasion tell how it was that he came to speak so often in meeting, and thinking it may be of benefit to some, I will here relate the incident.

Soon after he had given his heart to God, the quarterly love-feast came round, which was held at Clitheroe, the head of the circuit in which he lived. When the day arrived, our good brother, like a true Methodist of the old stamp, commenced his journey thitherward. But though his spirits were high, and his heart was swelling with warm emotions because of his new-found joy, yet on this morning he did not in all respects feel exactly comfortable, for he had begun to debate in his mind as to whether he should rise at the love-feast, and tell the people what God had done for his soul. The thought of his want of education, his very humble abilities, and of the numbers who could speak much more interesting than he, were things sufficient to make him have his doubts as to what was the path of duty. As he thus walked and thought, he came to a part of the road which lay alongside of a wood. The morning

sun had just got up in the heavens, and was gladdening the earth with his benignant rays, and the branches of the overhanging trees were filled with feathered songsters of various kinds, whose merry voices were making the welkin ring with one grand chorus of praise to their beneficent Creator. For a time he listened with delight, "then all at once," (said he) "my attention was drawn to one little bird just above my head, which had only one note. And I could not help but admire, as on and on went the little bird, chirp, chirp, chirp, cheerily doing its very best to swell that anthem of many voices, and I felt that here was a lesson for me. The little bird does not complain, and in silence hide itself away because it cannot warble as some others, but joyfully it raises its single note of praise, in such a way as ought to make me forever ashamed that I for one moment thought of being silent, when I could testify from heartfelt experience, that the blood of Christ had washed my sins away. I resolved to speak, and in declaring on that day what God had done for me, I received His blessing, and I determined that this duty should henceforth be my delight."

Such was the simple story of one whose conduct might shame many of our modern Methodists, to whose talk there seems no end in the social circle, but who, when they come to prayer-meeting, and have the privilege of standing forth as Jesus' witnesses, are ever silent.

O, if such a brother or sister should read this, we warn you to be careful lest in the many excuses you make, you should delude your soul.

If you think that you have only got one talent, remember the good brother and the little bird, and use it. For only by so doing can you enjoy God's blessing, or be made a blessing to others.

DOVER, N. H.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen,
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

'Twas death to sin — 'twas life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.

Montgomery.

ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS.*

Rev. Mr. Wakely has done the Church and public excellent service in collecting from many sources a mass of anecdotes concerning the Wesleys, father, mother, sons, and grandsons. Every kind of incident, illustrative of this famous family, finds a place here, literary and religious. It is deserving of very general circulation, and will be an immense favorite with Sunday-schools, replacing their usual fiction with its bracing illustrations of their piety and tact and talent.

The following are a few of its more novel and important incidents.

SAMUEL WESLEY'S FIRST PARSONAGE. — Samuel Wesley, in 1691, was appointed Rector of the parish of South Ormsby, with a salary of fifty pounds a year and a parsonage. It was a very mean and uncomfortable abode, but in it he and his youthful wife resided for years, and there five of their children were born, and most of his valuable books were written. Mr. Wesley describes it in cheerful verse, as follows: —

"In a mean cot, composed of rods and clay,
Wasting in sight the uncomfortable day;
Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
Devouring by degrees the neighboring shores.
Let earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
Nor care unhappy be, while heaven is mine."

SAMUEL WESLEY AND HIS DYING PARISHIONER. — Samuel Wesley visited one of his parishioners as he was upon his dying bed — a man who had never missed going to church for forty years. "Thomas, where do you think your soul will go?" "Soul! soul!" said Thomas. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "do you not know what your soul is?" "Aye, surely," said Thomas; "why, it is a little bone in the back that lives longer than the body." "So much," says John Wesley, who related it on the authority of Dr. Lupton, who had it from his father, "had Thomas learned from hearing sermons, and exceedingly good sermons, for forty years."

SAMUEL WESLEY ON RIDICULE. — There were those in the University who ridiculed John Wesley. He wrote to his father concerning it. He replied in these brave words: "As to the gentlemen candidates you write of, does anybody think the devil is dead, or so much as asleep, or that he has no agents left? Surely virtue can afford to be laughed at. The Captain and Master endured something more for us before He entered into glory, and unless we track His steps, in vain do we hope to share that glory with Him."

SUSANNA WESLEY AND HER GRANDCHILDREN. — John Wesley never spoiled a story for the sake of relatives. In his sermon on "Training Children" he says: "In fourscore years I have never met with one woman who knew how to

* Anecdotes of the Wesleys, illustrative of their character and personal history, by Rev. J. B. Wakely. Carlton and Lanahan. Pp. 390.

manage grandchildren. My own mother, who governed her children so well, could never govern one grandchild."

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST EXTEMPOREAN SERMON. — Mr. Wesley was at first a reader of sermons, and thought he could preach in no other way. An extemporean will always have the advantage over the reader of sermons. Could Whitefield or John Wesley have preached with such power or pathos as mere readers? Mr. Wesley related the following anecdote to Mr. Thomas Letts, of All-hallows Church, London. While he was putting on his gown in the vestry he said to him, "It is fifty years, sir, since I first preached in this church. I remember it from a peculiar circumstance that occurred at that time. I came without a sermon, and going up the pulpit stairs I hesitated, and returned into the vestry under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who was there noticed that I was deeply agitated, and she inquired, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter with you?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand upon my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' That question had such an effect upon me that I ascended the pulpit and preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and I have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

HOW TO PERPETUATE METHODISM. — In 1783 the Rev. Robert Miller asked Mr. Wesley, "What must be done to keep Methodism alive when you are dead?" Mr. Wesley gave the following answer: "The Methodists must take heed to their doctrine, their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrines only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part of religion only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating a garden, and put no fence around it to save it from the wild boars of the forest."

WESLEY AND SHAKESPEARE. — Wesley was a great reader of theology, philosophy, poetry, and almost everything else. A gentleman in Dublin presented Mr. Wesley with a fine quarto edition of Shakespeare. When Mr. Wesley died it was found that the margin of this volume was filled with critical notes by Mr. Wesley himself. The excellent John Pawson, one of the purest men that ever adorned the Church, resided in the parsonage, and had charge of City Road Chapel. He destroyed the book, and many of the writings of Mr. Wesley, because "he judged they were not among the things which tended to edification." Alas for the loss to literature caused by good John Pawson!

"DROPPED." — How that word mars a Church Record! The ugliest blot is no comparison to it. No wonder if in writing it the pastor's hand should tremble worse than the palsied hand of Stephen Hopkins in the "Declaration of Independence." Young convert, as you love your soul, never let that hateful word be written opposite your name! Watch and pray! Resist temptation! If any one invites you to join in the dance, or to visit the theatre, say, "No, I cannot do it — I belong to the church — I am trying to be a Christian — you must excuse me!" If your companions have good sense and a particle of manliness they will respect you all the more for acting in consistency with your principles; but even if they laugh at you, why, let them laugh; or if they sneer and scowl, so be it; your Saviour had to bear a great deal more than that for you, and surely you can bear a few sneers and scowls for His blessed cause. And then, young pilgrim, if you do stumble over a stone and fall by the way, don't lie there in the dust moaning, and saying, "It is all over with me, I shall never see the land that is very far off;" but get up again, in the strength of grace, and take only the greater care that you do not fall over the next stone that you come to! So shall you go up the shining way to Zion, with a song of praise on your tongue and a diadem of joy upon your head.

Beware of worldliness, beware of self-confidence, beware especially of *indifference* — that deadly foe of souls immortal! Shake off dull sloth! on and up, brave spirit, till thy coronation day shall come! Then shall thy name be entered on the roll of the glorified, while on the Register of the Church below some sorrowing shepherd of a stricken flock shall write, "Died in the triumphs of a Christian faith." — *Methodist Home Journal*.

FLOWERS. — Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If He had made nothing of this kind, if His works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the Divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in Nature. You cannot come across a delicate, trembling flower in the shade of a wood, so small that your heel could crush out its life with one careless step, but that you will think how gentle God must be, who made this flower in its exquisite beauty to live there, and daily cares for it in the regular course of His providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their Creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distill in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf, and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us; in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory. — *The Pacific*.

For the Children.

CHILDREN'S FAITH.

Two little girls were quietly playing,
In the green fields, unconsciously straying,
Quite far from their parents and home;
At length, growing weary, they sat down to rest,
And sweet little Nellie said, "Is it not best
To go back the way we have come?"
Then Mary spoke low, as though some one was nigh,
"That hill over there just touches the sky;
If we only could climb to the top,
And get into Heaven, then Jesus we'd see,
And good little angels I know we would be;
O Nellie, please come, do not stop."
"You know little Fred is an angel up there;
He'll open the gate when he sees who we are,
And the angels will all be so glad:
Then we'll watch over mamma, and soon as she dies,
We'll bring her right up on our wings to the skies,
Where she never'll be weary or sad."
So onward they went, a long, tedious way,
But the hill seemed as far in the distance to stay,
And their poor little feet grew so sore,
They folded their arms each other around,
And sadly sank to rest on the ground;
Each felt they could travel no more.
A kind-hearted farmer came riding along,
And sweet little Mary said, "Sir, is it wrong
To ask you to give us a ride?
We're going to Heaven, and when we get in,
We'll tell the good Saviour how kind you have been,
And ask Him, when you have died,
To let you come too." His eyes filled with tears,
Said he, "Who are you, my poor little dears,
And where do you live, precious girls?
Come into my wagon, I'll carry you home,
Your parents will worry because you don't come."
And his brown hand stroked their fair curls.
"You can't walk to Heaven, dear girls, it is vain
For you to attempt such a journey again;
But ever seek Jesus in prayer;
Then you will be happy, and ever live so,
That when you are called, you're ready to go,
And angels will carry you there."

C. E. K.

THE OLD CHURCH DOOR.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER.
PART II. CHAP. X.

"Fond of duck eggs, ain't yer, Sammy?" said Jem Crook, affectionately, as they walked along.
"Not over and above," answered Sam, with no touch of responsive tenderness.
"Well now, ain't that a disappoint!" cried Jem, "when I was a hopin' as yer might sort o' relish 'em?"
"Better not venture your precious time hopin' round me," said Sam, thinking of the two bright drops he had seen fall on Mrs. Kensett's little table.
"Dear! dear!" said Jem Crook, "what's a feller to do? ye know yer's been rather weakly like, Sammy, this spell 'long back, and yer friends is anxious."
"Generally is—till they gets knocked down," growled Sam.
"Fact is," said Jem, linking his arm in Sam's, and taking no notice whatever of the rebuff, "they does think, Sammy, as how yer plays ball altogether too reg'lar. Kinder wastes away yer strength, ye know. And them steps is damp, up to the church. Why, I've giv' up goin'."

"Don't tell nobody, and they won't find it out," was Sam's complimentary rejoinder. "You might stay away from most any place, Jem Crook."

"Ah, but I ain't some folks!" said Jem, hugging Sam's arm very tight. "Where's Sam Dodd?" bawls one. "Confound him," says another, and we waited and waited, and then a chap sung out like a rocket: "Sam Dodd's hired out down to the village to do chores!" And we was that cut up, yer could ha' floored the hull on us with a tail feather o' Squire Townsend's big gobbler!"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Sam, with a sneer. "And you ain't none on yer worth the trouble. Try yer hand on another, Jem Crook, you made that up so spry."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jem under his breath. "Don't yer make no noise, Sammy, now don't! Ducks is awful skeery."

"What's the use o' goin' round the world after 'em for?" said Sam, suddenly perceiving that Jem had turned back in the darkness, and was now approaching Mrs. Kensett's house again. "Ain't a livin' duck here."

"They lives to the back o' the house," answered Jem, creeping along under the shadow of the hedge. Sam stopped short.

"I say!" he broke forth, "I ain't a goin' to touch none o' hern, you know."

"Yer don't think as I'd expect it of ye, Sammy?" said Jem Crook in an aggrieved voice, and standing still in his

turn, "when she allers did make as much muss over yer as a hen with one chicken, and's just been a codlin' ye, and cryin' over ye, and that. Guess I know beans—and radishers—and punkins." And Jem turned away, and began creeping along under the hedge again, without another word.

Close at his heels went Sam, thinking every step of the way of the lady's words, and every step of the way making those words good. Had she not said he was afraid not to do whatever Jem Crook required? So he crept along hanging back in mind, but going forward in body, till at last Jem's jeering tone and words did their work, and Sam Dodd threw off his strange and new and inconvenient feelings. By the time they reached the edge of the little brook where stood the duck-houses, Sam was quite ready to do his part. But Jem took care not to push matters too far. With great show of consideration he despatched Sam to one of the neighboring duck-houses, while he himself undertook that which belonged to the premises where Mrs. Kensett lodged. Only when the sport was over, then Jem took his revenge.

"I vow," he said, standing up to survey the pile of duck eggs, "I've put 'em all together! Which is hern, Sammy! Got any ear marks to tell 'em by? What'll ye do? cause ye might get one o' hern, by mistake. Tell ye what—I can keep 'em all. Anythin' to save yer feelings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Jem Crook chuckled to himself, as he pocketed his share, to have it at once in safe keeping. And Sam pocketed his, and said to himself that he would bring them back again, and didn't do it.

With new eagerness now, he set himself to find out the hiding-place of the little pencil. Not that he might carry it back to Mrs. Kensett, — if she wanted it, she might get it, Sam declared to himself; and if she didn't, it was not his fault.

"Why, I never did make such an offer to nobody," he said, feeling very virtuous and very cross, at once. Had she not hindered the revenge which he had planned so nicely? But Sam did not mean to lose the pencil, if he did the revenge. Day and night he waited and watched; sometimes inside the house, sometimes hid behind a shutter, and peering through the window; sometimes dogging his father's steps along the lanes and the byways which James Dodd frequented. In vain: no sparkling pencil-head ever glimmered in the man's hand, or gleamed out from his vest pocket, or twinkled between his fingers; and Sam grew more and more savage as the days went on. A fear to all the small boys of Vinegar Hill, a terror to Molly Limp, Sam by and by grew to hate the very sight of Mrs. Kensett, and resolved to stay away from the old church door altogether. Close and strong grew the tightening bonds between him and Jem Crook and Tim Wiggins in those days; skillfully and surely did they on their part search for every grain of good seed that had fallen on Sam's heart; until he was, as they said to each other, "all himself again," — his old, hard, wicked self; given up to weeds of the worst kind.

"That he which soweth, should sow in hope." Verily, it is a hard thing to do that sometimes! Yet still Mrs. Kensett's heart yearned over the boy, and still she scattered the good seed whenever she had a chance; giving Sam, each time she saw him, some word, or look, or bit of sweet counsel, which would somehow, by the blessing of the Lord, lodge in the boy's heart, and hide there for a while, unseen. If only Sam had watched against the fowls of the air!

One evening, a few days after the children had brought home their Bibles, a knot of the little waifs sat huddled together among the bushes on Vinegar Hill. This particular spot was a favorite gathering-place for the smaller children, being off the general track of the men of the hamlet, as well as at a distance from the special playground of the larger boys. Here then — it was a warm night in July — the children sat, having played till it was too dark to play any longer; and hither came Sam Dodd, softly creeping up behind the bushes, to hear their talk. Sam was suspicious of everybody, in these days.

"Well, I does keep it safe, too! and I will," Jemmy Lucas was saying.

"Where does ye hide it, Jemmy?" said another, "in yer boots?" which raised a great laugh at the expense of little Jemmy, whose bare feet were as familiar with the winter snows as with the summer dust.

"No, I don't," he answered. "And I ain't a-goin' to tell ye — that's more."

"Hide it where old Dodd keeps his things," said a third boy. "Guess that's a safe place."

"Taint not nigh so safe as he thinks," said a fourth. "Tim Wiggins knows all about it. And some o' these days old Dodd'll miss somethin' nother — shouldn't wonder."

"Why, did Tim tell you 'bout it?" inquired Neddy Flint. "How d'ye know?"

"Heard him sayin' it over and over to himself," said the boy. "Guess he thought, maybe, as he might forget. I was a-comin' by there one night, and down come Tim, slidin' down of a rope as he'd fastened somehow out o' Sam's window. And he'd been a lookin' through some place;

and says he, — 'Next red stair to top begin to count, and count two; and there's a spring in the corner.'"

"Does Sam know?" inquired Jemmy Lucas.

"Guess he don't!" said Neddy. "He ain't up to snuff!"

Sam waited no more words, — did not even tarry to knock down Neddy Flint, — but sped away home as noiselessly and swiftly as ever he could. Well he knew the staircase, with its red stairs here and there, put in at some time of repairs, — well he knew how the adventurous Tim, swinging by a rope from Sam's own little window, might have got footing on another window-ledge which commanded the whole stair-way. And the half moon cut in the window shutter, gave space enough for so practised an eye as Tim's. Sam hurried home, and found a full room and his father presiding, just as usual. And for a while Sam lingered there, joining in whatever was going on; then crept away, — up to his own room first, then softly out on the stairs once more, — then counting down, — repeating to himself: "Next red stair to top begin to count, and count two."

Upon the stair below these two, Sam paused, and turning round began to feel, and examine, and search for the spring, with such intense eagerness that he forgot everything else, till suddenly a violent blow came upon the side of his head; and Sam Dodd staggered against the banisters, and then fell heavily down the stairs.

ENIGMA NO. 18.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 8, 21, 16, 11 was a Bethelite.

My 4, 24, 10, 12, 1 is a precious stone.

My 1, 6, 20 is mentioned in Genesis.

My 15, 18, 21, 17, 9 is prized by all.

My 19, 14, 23, 22 is a part of speech.

My 13, 2, 7, 8, 16, 5 people are glad to receive.

My whole is found in the Book of James.

ENIGMA NO. 19.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 26, 44, 12, 24, 40, 53, 2 was a hiding place.

My 13, 4, 28, 17, 33, 41, 43, 25, was of Bethlehem Judah.

My 14, 19, 32, 10, 35, 52, 55, 1, 12 was the goddess of the Zidonians.

My 19, 29, 23, 5, 49, 35, 30 was a king.

My 1, 3, 37, 7, 39, 45 is a nickname.

My 21, 15, 9, 18, 48, 36 should be offered by all.

My 34, 46, 47, 13 most all like to do.

My 31, 54, 51, 3 is a useful article.

My 19, 29, 6, 56, 35, 38 is felt by all.

My 27, 15, 50 all should do.

My 22, 20, 42, 19, 55 is useful.

My 16 is in one of the States.

My whole is found in the Book of Psalms.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 17.

"Good words are worth much and cost little."

MOST PRECIOUS PROMISES.

John iii. 16. Sent by A. L. W.

Matt. v. 8. Sent by Auntie.

John xiv. 1-3. Sent by S. W.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

One of Bishop Bloomfield's latest *bon mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on church-yards. "O, I see," said the Bishop, "composition and decomposition."

A writer says "Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly — neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly — both are bred in the house, and also the flower of the family; thirdly — both have to be cradled; fourthly — both are generally well thrashed before they are done with." We should add that, fifthly — too many get only half baked.

THE DYING SEAMAN. — A seaman on his dying bed, being asked by a fellow-sailor, "What cheer," said, — "Heaven heaves in sight; I see the headland."

The next day the question was repeated: "What cheer?" The reply was, —

"Rounding the cape — almost in."

The third day the question was repeated: "What cheer?"

"In port," his quivering lips replied, and the next moment, "Let go the anchor."

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH. — Passing the streets of a city, you may often see upon a shop-door the words, "Closed on account of death!" So may it soon be written of you, on the house where you live, "Closed on account of death!" On your place of business, "Closed on account of death!" On your career of sinful pleasures, "Closed on account of death!" On your day of probation, "Closed on account of death!" On your door of mercy, as far as you are concerned — oh, shall I say it? — "Closed on account of death!" — *Rev. Henry C. Fish.*

PURE RELIGION. — An apostolic declaration used to read very much like this, "Pure Religion and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." The following commentary on that obsolete! text, comes down from Canada: —

"Twelve years ago, Dr. Law of Bowmansville, Canada, mortgaged all his private property to pay off the indebtedness of his church, under solemn promise of repayment. He died two years ago, and now the mortgages are being foreclosed, and his wife and children turned out to starve, the church refusing to make good their claims."

Correspondence.

CHICAGO ITEMS.

BUILDING,

in all portions of the city, is active. Within a year many marble front business palaces have arisen like magic, and elegant new churches keep pace with the growing wants of the people. Chicago is growing out into the prairies of Illinois, and it is claimed that she is only circumscribed by the limits of the State itself! (Chicago is proverbially modest, you know).

THE WASHINGTON STREET TUNNEL,

under the river, which was opened to the public January 1st, has leaked like a sieve for a portion of the time. It has furnished food for the witticisms of the entire daily press of the city. One paper informed its readers that a rubber overcoat, and a box of troches were requisite to a safe passage, while another journal suggested that a smart physician might do well to establish an office midway of the tunnel, where travellers could lay up for repairs! The tunnel is a success. Others, which are sure to follow, will be entirely successful, the faults of the first attempt serving as a warning to future contractors.

THE COURT-HOUSE

is having an addition of two wings, but fails to suggest anything in the least angelic. Indeed, such a conglomerate of architecture will be the result, when completed, that it would puzzle one to classify it. The irreverent *Times* says it resembles two handsome white women, "arm in arm" with a negro!

VELOCIPEDOBICYCLE MANIA.

As with every thing else new, velocipedes have had their day in Chicago, and for a brief time were "the rage" of young gentlemen. The Wabash Avenue rink was transformed into a "velocipedrome," and velocipede *matinées* and *bal masqués* have had a run. But the public has passed judgment upon them, and to-day a dozen came to the (auctioneer's) block, and others are to follow. A month from now, young America will be only too glad to give away their bicycles.

SOUTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

We are becoming reconstructed slowly but surely. Both church and state now recognize the authority of a common government that holds its head-quarters at Washington, and throws the aegis of its protection around the hearths and homes of nearly forty millions of freemen, and whose wide domain is nowhere marked by the footfall of a slave. Time and labor are effacing the scars of the war, and the "sunny South" will again don her gay robes of wealth and prosperity. The ruins among which we are sitting, disconsolate, are relieved by some green spots, and there are, at least, one —

"Rose in the wilderness left on the stalk,
To tell where the garden has been."

Chief Justice Chase has been here holding the United States Court, in connection with the District Judge, Hon. Geo. S. Bryan. I attended the court several days to see and hear one of the first jurists and statesmen of the age. He seems to be pious, and is quite a regular attendant at church. I saw him first at Trinity Methodist Church (South), where he heard a very plain, practical, gospel sermon from the pastor, Rev. W. P. Mouzon. On last Sunday he attended the Centenary Methodist Church, and was entertained by a very forcible and instructive discourse from Rev. T. W. Lewis, pastor in charge of the three Methodist churches of Charleston.

The municipal muddle is the absorbing topic of conversation. Pillsbury has at last reached the mayoralty, but he has found that power does not always bring peace, and "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." His board of aldermen are divided, and the wheels of the city government have come to a dead lock. The Pillsbury wing refuse to attend the meetings of the Board, and the Mackey faction have not a quorum. And so the matter stands, without any prospect of a reconciliation. Gov. Scott has been here trying to mediate for the restoration of harmony, but has left without accomplishing anything. Something must give way somewhere shortly, as the outside pressure cannot be much longer withstood. To be, or not to be, is now the question to be solved by the city government.

State politics are comparatively quiet, and the Republicans are running the machine to the satisfaction of themselves, at least. The Democrats are nursing their wrath, and keeping their powder dry for a fearful onset at the next election, when they expect to overthrow the present dynasty, or do something worse. But, "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft aglee."

AN APPEAL FROM GEORGIA.

BURKE MISSION, Augusta District.

I came on this mission in February last; every pass seemed to be closed, and the dragon stood growling on every side. My life was threatened, but the Lord of glory has stood by me. I have taken about three thousand souls into the Church of God. I do not mean houses made with hands, for we are driven out everywhere. We hold our meetings under bush arbors. The Church called the Methodist Episcopal Church South is as bitter against us as any other crowd. All make common cause against us. Our Church is titled the Northern, the Radical, the negro Church. We have about fifteen thousand souls, all tenants at will and hired servants. We have about one thousand children. No school, no Sabbath-school, no one able to teach, no school-house, not one day school. I am going constantly; sometimes I travel on the railroad, get off,

walk five or six miles, preach, get back, and travel all night. For three days and nights last week I never pulled off my coat. My Presiding Elder is a Methodist preacher of the old style, — a man of God. He labors in earnest all the time. In the city of Augusta we had no church, and could not get a shelter in the city to hold a meeting. For twenty-five years the church bell of the Methodist Episcopal Church had slept in silence. A few Sabbaths ago, the old familiar sound called the wandering pilgrim home to a fine church, fitted up on Green Street in the city, — a beautiful location. This pioneer of Methodism has succeeded so happily, that we are like those that dream; we cry, "What hath God wrought!" Last Sabbath there were near 150 colored children in Sunday-school. An interesting day school is being taught by our Sister Spelman, the Presiding Elder's wife, and the work is gloriously widening out. In my field I have no school-house, no school, generally out of doors. In the name of Jesus Christ I pray some one, male or female, who may see this, who has a heart to feel and a hand to bless, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, O will not some one take stock, will not some one help to build two school-houses, one at Buckhead, the other one at a place called Old Church? Here is a fine Methodist Church South, closed. Will some one help and let us call the place by the benefactor's name? The good done will multiply as long as these pines endure. If any one will help, let them do it as unto Christ, and send help to the Rev. J. Spelman, P. E. of the Augusta District. The suppliant is a Southern man, who prays you in Christ's stead to help us to raise up those outcasts. God will reward you, and they who are ready to perish will bless your name forever. J. P. ROWELL.

Our Book Table.

THE WEDDING-DAY IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES, by Edward J. Wood (Harper Bros.) is one of those books this firm so often produces that tells one all they want to know on any specialty of art or manners. This is full of interesting information on the most interesting subject that young people, and all people, married or unmarried, can dwell upon. The wedding-day is the day of earth surpassed only by that which it prefigures, "the bridal of the earth and sky." The incidents and information here set forth will be a pleasure to every honey-moonist of any connubial age. Every happy pair should patronize it. The Woman's Question will never rise above this human question, and the book be as immortal, we trust, as the usage it delineates.

WATERLOO (Scribner & Co.) carries forward two previous stories, "Madame Thérèse," and "The Conscript," that described life in France in the Revolution, and after it to the consummation of Napoleon's career. It paints well the great battle in which he fell, to rise no more, with extra interest, because the persons of the story are mingled in the fight. It blames Napoleon's ambition for the overthrow of the French Revolution, but erroneously says "instruction" is all the people want to recover their rights. They will recover them, as it prophesies, but through religion more than any other experience.

JUVENILES.

SABRINA HACKETT.

SHIRINING HOURS.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: A. T. Day.

We are glad to welcome a Freewill Baptist publishing-house to this city. Its first ventures are after the popular sort, children's books, and very prettily are they gotten up. Their contents are religious and fictitious; the usual sort of Christian gounds that grow up in a night, and perish in a night. We asked a boy who gets his lessons well and remembers them, after he had read the "Master and Pupil," what it was about. "O, a man and boy." "What else?" "That's all I remember." This is about the value of all this religious syllabus, which makes silly bubs of every boy that is confined exclusively to them. Yet we doubt not these works are as good in writing or worth as any of their thousands of fellows that pour forth from all the Church press of America. They tell about good and bad boys, and feed the children with an enormous mess of saltless porridge. We hope Messrs. Lothrop & Co. will now offer \$500 for a series of true narratives, vividly told, of true saints and martyrs. Serve up the heroes of their own Church, or the martyrs of the Reformation, or those of earlier days. Will not our Concern make a like offer for stories from Methodist history? The materials are excellent and abundant. Who will work them up? "Views of Plymouth Rock," one of our best Sunday-school books, is a specimen of what we want in all departments of children's literature. Scribner's series of children's scientific books, made religious like Dick's works, is another. Let our Freewill Baptist brethren inaugurate their entrance into Boston society by this best of innovations. The firm shows enterprise and taste. Let it lead the Church also in principle.

BREAKERS AHEAD (J. P. Skelly & Co.) is of the usual story-telling genus.

CAPTAIN WALTHAM (Presbyterian Board, Henry Hoyt, Boston,) is of a higher order, and introduces life in the Indian as the furniture of the story from the pen of one who has long resided there. It illustrates well the trials and triumphs of the missionary in heathen lands. It is a valuable book for the Sabbath-schools.

SCROLLS, MONOGRAMS, ORNAMENTS, AND CRESTS, by N. Dearborn, Boston, is a collection of drawings that will help all who are ornamenting houses, or seeking to find or make coats of arms. Goats and griffins, stags and hounds, are here, but no calves, or codfish, or cotton plant, or corn, or whiskey bottle. As these old coats of arms were merely signs of the way their proprietors became great, so should modern ones be equally true. Let us have the bottle and the reeling drunkard for the liquor dealer, maker, and vender; the calf for the leather merchant; the steamboat and locomotive for James Fisk, Jr.; the Coliseum and big drum for Mr. Gilmore; a roll of scrip for the stock gambler; a greenback for the banker; each to his own.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Putnam's opens with a vivid picture of "That Night in Fort Wagner, by one who was there;" follows with a poem, "After Death," "by one who was not there;" it might have added; de-

scribes "Victor Hugo and the Constables," by Charles Hugo; has a discourse on the "Stage," by John Weiss, after the usual contrary style of his school, commanding it, and demanding its conversion; a good story, by Louisa Alcott, and other excellences. "Our Established Church," is its chief article; and its aim is to show that Papacy has attained that honor. Its error is in considering New York city as all the country. It is startling; but so were the Methodist statistics in *The Galaxy* on "The Church of the Future." So would be the Protestant statistics, if all were massed into one essay. Who will do this service for this debate? It says Bishop Hughes's foresight in getting a corner lot on Fifth Avenue was not much, when that lot was secured for a dollar a year. Why don't it show an enterprise like the Methodist Book Concern, which no paper nor magazine has found time or space to command? *The Galaxy* continues Roade's great story on "Trades Unions;" paints the perils of the "Chinese Invasion," and over-paints them; describes the "Reign of Louis Philippe;" the "Last Ditch" of the late war, — which was in Texas, — and pleads for "Jack Cade." *Harper's* has admirable articles on "Ballooning," and "Grant's Battles," with good ones on many other subjects, and Miss Muloch's new story. *The Ladies' Repository* has an elegant engraving of Geo. L. Brown's "Bay of New York," a less excellent one on "Home Treasures," many wood engravings, chief of which is the "Methodist College at Belfast," and a large stock of good articles, for which see advertisement. *The Atlantic* begins with a pretty good story of "The Drummer Ghost," or how a girl scared her uncle into giving her back the property he had stolen from her and her brother, by beating a drum, through a tin tube, in the side of the house. It has a fine paper on "Crawford," by Geo. S. Hillard, and a finer one on the "Greek Goddesses," by Higginson. He has to make a few slurs at monothelism, as inferior to polytheism. Why don't he treat monogamy, as compared with polygamy, in the same manner? He considers the six great goddesses as representing, in their order, the life of woman: Artemis, maidenhood, free and thoughtless; Athena, maidenhood, earnest and thoughtful; Aphrodite, love; Hera, marriage; Demeter, motherhood; and Hestia, the perpetual virgin, who makes and guards home, the "old maid" of English and American life, crowning the order of classic conceptions. He puts Mary Magdalene below Minerva, and shows how little he appreciates the mission of Christ, or of true religion, when he says, "We can better spare the suppliant than the goddess." Ah, poor human nature how little you knew of yourself when you clung to Christ for help! How little Christ knew of you, when He died to save you, instead of sitting in cold haughtiness, like the Greek gods and goddesses, apart from all your distresses! "Our Inebriates Harbored and Helped," is a good description of the Inebriate Asylums. The best way to help them is to shut up the places that make them inebriates.

Appleton's Journal, is abundant in variety and strength, Victor Hugo's great story of the crimes of the aristocracy, being by far the chief. Its illustrations are admirable. No magazine is superior to this in looks or contents. Dr. Hayes, in his "History of a Snow-flake," quotes St. Paul as saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Where will he find that remark in the Apostle's Epistles? *The Sunday Magazine* has good religious papers on "The Interpreter's House," "The Preaching of the Cross," — a valuable paper, — "Wet Sundays," "The Babylonian Captivity," and "How to Study the Old Testament." Its stories and pictures are of the best class. *The People's* has a pretty painted frontispiece, excellent Harperish articles on "Iron Works," "Night School," "Jersey and Channel Islands," "Indian Offices," sketches of "Nathaniel," and "Wickliffe," and "Walter Scott," and other excellent articles. It is the most readable, and most be-pictured of the English monthlies. *Our Young Folks* makes its "Bad Boy" better, adding quite a pathos to his experiences. "Navigation and Discovery before Columbus," is a good paper; "Wm. Henry's Charades," and other rare bits, keep up its popularity. *The Riverside* has a frontispiece of "Snipe Shooting," describes "Hunter's Life in South Africa," tells the boys "How to Build and Rig a Sail-boat," gives an old Indian War story, and abounds in pictures, and other delights. *The Nursery* for July is a perfect gem, in every respect. *Good Health*, a Journal of Physical and Mental Culture, published by Alexander Moore, No. 21 Franklin Street, Boston. We have been careful to give the title-page in full, so that all who wish to take a really valuable medical journal, may do so. We have received the second number of this magazine, and like it much. It is full of useful, interesting matter, not exclusively medical, but ranging over a wide field — embracing even poetry, tales, and sketches. The work, inside and out, has an honest, fresh English look, that pleases us much. It must become popular.

MUSIC. — "Hymns of the Church," a collection by John B. Thompson, A. G. Vermilye, and A. R. Thompson, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. This work must undoubtedly meet with great favor from an appreciative public. It contains all the best hymns, and the best music — the good old music and hymns as well as good new ones. The musical part of the book has been arranged and edited by Mr. U. C. Burnap, which is the best guarantee that it is well done.

Publications Received since our Last.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Appleton's Journal (monthly),

The Lost Manuscript, Freytag,

The Devil Guest,

History of European Morals,

Locky,

Primary Truths, Clark,

Jeremiah Cowles,

Wandering Recollections, Neal,

Mopsa the Fairy, Ingelow,

The History of the Church,

The Office and Work of the

Berrie, Hopper,

Bertie and Amy Books,

The Virginians, Thackeray,

The Encyclopedia, Zell,

Lives of the Presidents, Abbott,

Sights in France, etc., Buffum,

The Newcomes, Thackeray

Stratton, Kingsley,

Evidences of Christianity, Bulfinch,

Bread for Children, Bushnell,

Sunday Magazine,

Lady's Friend,

Sierra Magazine,

School-day Visitor,

Blackwood's Magazine,

Harper's Monthly,

Sunday-school Journal,

Oliver Optic's Magazine,

Good Health,

Appleton & Co.

"

Lee & Shepard,

"

Appleton & Co.

"

Roberts Bros.

"

A. S. Barnes & Co.

"

Sheldon & Co.

Carton & Lanahan,

Fields, Osgood & Co.

T. E. Zell,

E. B. Russell,

Harper's,

"

W. V. Spanier.

Nichols & Noyes.

"

C. E. Keith & Co.,

Oliver & Co.

Am. News Co.

A. Williams & Co.

"

A. Moore.

minster Cathedral as *The Independent* happily calls the church that solicited Dr. Storrs to come and save Boston, meaning really to save itself, they would find one there superior to him as writer, thinker, and speaker, whose audience would hang enraptured on his masterly appeals for Christ the Lord.

We therefore entreat our most excellent New York not to worry over Boston. Weep not for us but for yourselves. New York is in more danger of this anti-church than Boston. Cooper Institute will be as potent a focus of false doctrines as Music Hall. The most energetic of the anti-evangelical press, sacred and secular, is printed in its own city. And the leader of the free religionists, almost the only one who is pastor of a church, dwells there. It would never say, were it a near observer of this field, or would it compare the present conflicts with those that are past —

That Boston is just now the theatre of a revived radicalism in religious thought such as we have never before witnessed, either in that or in any other city."

Much less would it add, if it duly considered this whole subject in the light of the Cross, of time, of eternity, either the following primal declarations or the concluding neutrality: —

"All persons to whom such intelligence is likely to give good cheer will rejoice to be informed of the facts; and all others (and their name is legion) who regard such signs of the times as indicative of an apostasy from "the faith once delivered to the saints" shall have no opportunity to reproach us for not warning them that the enemy are already in half possession of Bunker Hill.

"The battle waxes daily hotter. Let it be a Good Fight. The world will be the gainer by the greatest possible activity on both sides. The true religion consists in fidelity to one's own sacred convictions, whatever these may be. Any other religion, whether heterodox or orthodox, is as false as the Father of Lies."

No such neutrality does the Church know; none such do these anti-Christians desire. To the one of these it is "Aut Christus aut nihil"; to the other, "This is the heir; come let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." As no one was or could be neutral in the South during the war, so they cannot be here and now. All buffets between opposing forces will be crushed; all impartial observers compelled to take sides; all neutrality be of the British sort, hot or cold; and the little set that sting the Church be slapped out of existence by her slightest shove, or be complacently allowed to buzz about her ears as though it was the only musician, orator, and genius in the world, after the fashion of all important mosquitoes, while she steadily goes forward in the sublime work of subduing the world unto Christ.

CHURCH PAPERS.

The San Francisco Advocate objects, in a not over-happy strain, to our argument in favor of Church papers being established by local boards, and *The Atlanta* adopts the article as its own. As both of these journals are a large burden on the Church, it is very natural for them to cry out against the exceedingly common sense and commonplace doctrine, "Pay your own debts." The former has adopted the form of *THE HERALD*, to its manifest improvement. But judging from its appeals and declarations as to its finances in the very number that contains this slant at us, it will have to ask Cincinnati and New York to pay its bills. Now *THE HERALD* has made its changes, as it made all before, without begging the Church for a penny. An association of brethren publishes the handsomest and costliest paper in ours or any Church, and asks no General Conference for a dollar. They go farther and proceed to erect buildings of a character such as no other like body have ever built in the world, — mark that, Messrs. Brethren of California and Georgia, — and still ask nobody for the gift of a dollar. Only one building will surpass it; that of New York, and even that we heard an eminent lawyer of that section declare was less secure as an investment, for the men who are behind this are solid men of business, and not merely a Church organization. What should California do? Bring its laymen into the bearing of its publishing burdens. Make them feel that it is their paper, their concern, and they will do far better for it than all foreign driblets, squeezed reluctantly from distant sources. But the main animus of its article is, that local Church papers are inclined to disorderliness, of which *THE HERALD* is a

shining example. *The Atlanta* takes especial delight in quoting this compliment: —

"There are considerations, however, that will outweigh dollars and cents. The weekly religious newspaper that professes to be Methodistic should be held answerable to a tribunal other than a local Board. Papers that are avowedly Methodist organs, and yet without responsibility, may do immense damage, and the Church cannot correct the evil. Local prejudices may sanction and encourage what the great body of the membership of the Church would unqualifiedly condemn. *THE HERALD* may give utterance to the most extravagant, not to say offensive, teachings, and it is all well enough in and around Boston. But in other sections such doctrines would greatly embarrass our work. But *THE HERALD* is not a Church paper, and may say and do what it pleases.

"We cannot release Church papers from their responsibility to the General Conference. It would be unwise and unsafe to change the policy which has hitherto worked so admirably."

To all this kind of talk, only one word of reply is necessary. *THE HERALD*, for nearly fifty years, has advocated unpopular truths, — unpopular at first to its own region, and often to its own subscribers, — which truths have become popular through its instrumentality, subduing Church and State to their sway. Its teachings may seem "most extravagant" and "offensive" to hostile and timid souls; but even they know that these teachings are *true*, and that they must prevail. Under every editor has it been thus faithful and successful. It has not finished its mission yet; nor will it till it brings *The California* and *Atlanta Advocate* to the preaching of the same truth in Christ Jesus.

In orthodoxy it has always been a pillar of cloud and fire; in every moral reform, which is the humanitarian expression and substance of faith in God, it has been equally zealous. Nor have the local prejudices which these official minors especially fear, been its besetting sin, half as much as that of General Conference papers. It confronts its own local prejudices. They yield to them. *The Atlanta* has bent to the Southern abomination of caste, while both of our independent papers in that territory bravely opposed it. *The Cincinnati* is equally colored by its atmosphere. *The New York Christian Advocate*, for twenty years and over after *THE HERALD* opposed slavery, was its apologist, because its patronizing Conferences were poisoned with this malaria.

No, brethren, you would be bolder, as well as richer, were your brethren of the laity and clergy supporting you with their purse and prayers. Charleston would have kept its journal, had it had this foundation. California will make hers more paying and more powerful when she adopts the wise Boston policy which has made her publishing property superior in safety, and not second in value to any other Church property, and given her journal for a generation the headship of its rivals, both in the truths it preaches, and, what to even Pacific and Southern minds is of some consequence, in financial success.

At the grand Anniversary Festival, held by the Baptists in Tremont Temple, Thursday evening, June 17, Rev. Dr. Phelps, of New Haven, recited a witty poem written for the occasion. He gave a graphic characterizing of several denominations. The Presbyterians were thus described: —

"The Presbyterian band's like a stage-coach of yore,
Of stately proportions behind and before,
And ample within, in a well-ordered way,
And as carefully built as 'The One-hoss Shay' —
How solidly grand its respectable load —
Moves, with dignified pace, where its ancestors rode!"

Here is a part of his portrayal of the Hierarchical Church: —

"The Episcopal band has a less solid way,
But a handsomer carriage, with colors more gay;
The panels are bright with symbolical paints,
And stained Gothic windows are tablets for saints."

Having disposed of these grave ecclesiastical bodies, the Methodist Church was thus "done for": —

"The Methodist band, as they hurry along,
Have a different coach, sing a different song;
'Tis a lumber-box stage, of capacities great;
To repletion 'tis filled, and each heart is elate.
With a shout it moves forward for glory's bright shores;
On the way how it rumbles and thunders and roars!
Determined that nothing its progress shall check,
Though often 'tis fearing a fall and a wreck!"

Of his own denomination he said: —

"The Baptists — peculiar, unlike all the rest —
How is it they go toward the land of the blest?
You'll see — looking into the Word as you ought to —
His heaviest freight the Lord sendeth by water!"

Did the doctor really mean to be so witty? He made the other denominations passengers in the act of travelling, and we trust they are travelling in the King's highway; but it is a little funny that he should make the Baptists — the Lord's freight, transported by water. If this isn't making *merchandise* of the Church of God, what is?

We are reminded of the story of a Dutchman, who, having accumulated quite a fortune by grazing cows, and selling their milk well watered, determined to return to "Faderland," and there enjoy his success. On his way across the Atlantic, a pet monkey on board the ship, stole his bag of money from his bunk, and having retreated with it to the mast-head, began an examination of its contents. Taking a coin from the bag, he bit it, held it up to the light, and then dropped it on the deck. Taking another he examined it, and then tossed it overboard. Thus he emptied the bag, dropping first one coin on the deck, and then throwing another into the sea. Our Dutchman stood below with staring eyes and "hair on end," until the last dollar fell, and then cried out, "He must pe de tuyvel! What comed from der cow he gifts to me, and what comed from der vater he gifts to der vater!"

Perhaps the good doctor has discovered some such principle of distributed justice by which he is able to decide that our Baptist brethren are to go as they come — "by water."

WHY PROHIBITION? — Rev. Dr. Porter is writing a series of articles in *The Advocate* on Temperance. Thus strongly he puts the question: —

"Now the temperance reform contemplates the arrest of sins and sufferings which are generally acknowledged and deprecated. They have come very near to most families, and their dreadful effects are seen among all classes. Three fourths, if not seven eighths, of the poverty and crime of the land are traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. Carefully prepared statistics show that in this country alone they last year sent one hundred thousand men and women to prison, two hundred thousand children to the poor-house, two hundred thousand orphans into the streets without suitable food or clothing, and sixty thousand drunkards to a miserable grave, besides producing three hundred murders and four hundred suicides, and flooding the land with other evils which there is no language to describe. These are their legitimate fruits, and must ever be so as long as they are used as a beverage. The State, by granting licenses to men to sell them for this purpose, authorizes all the dreadful results of their use. And to vote for men to make our laws who we know will perpetuate the license system which entails these woes upon the victims of the traffic, is to become a party to the crime before the fact. There can be no apology for it under the clear light of the present age. All other questions before the country are utterly insignificant in comparison with this."

The Richmond Advocate gets excited over a remark in *THE HERALD*, that the object of the courtesy our Bishops extended to those of the Church South, "was probably to give our ministers in that section an advantage in prosecuting their work, showing larger catholicity on our part than on theirs." It grows red exceedingly over this very simple statement, changing its Gospel simplicity into direct craft and crime. Thus it "enlarges": —

"One of these papers, indeed, to our profound amazement, coolly attributes to them, in their late movement, an electioneering purpose, a miserable 'Yankee trick,' saying it was probably one of their objects, by a show and pretense of liberality, to give their ministers in the South a partisan advantage 'in their work' among us — the work of disintegrating our societies and capturing our churches by whatever means. With a moral obligation perfectly astounding, Dr. Haven commends this as possibly 'wise.' We should brand it as a fraud and a crime which charity forbids us so much as to suspect in any one recognized as a Christian — not to say Christian Bishop. Words would be powerless to express the disgust due to such hideous duplicity and impurity, in the name of religion, as are ascribed by the editor of *ZION'S HERALD* to the Bishops of his Church?"

"We will be more liberal. We will not give any credit to Dr. Haven's blasting imputation. He has but shown us what we might expect of him. We will credit his Bishops with pure motives and plain sailing until we have other demonstration."

Now all this mass of errors, "Dr." included, arises not from ignorance, but from fear. The learned *Richmond* knows perfectly that no "trick," even of that awful type known as "Yankee," was meant or mentioned in the words we said. If Yankees intend to win with their tricks, they do not avow them before they have won. We only stated a fair and honest fact. The Methodist Church is determined, God being its helper, to preach the Gospel to every creature. The Southern people are included in this mission. It has already planted itself in every Southern State, and is flourishing largely in many centres. It offers liberal terms to its chief antagonist. It does this that the people may see that it is not harsh and hostile, narrow and local, as the leaders of the opposition aim to show. They keep firing the Southern heart with hatred

of the North, and especially of our Church. We shall keep saying to them, "See our liberality, and contrast it with the illiberality of your leaders." We ask them to unite with us. They dare not accept or refuse. Our catholicity is larger, and it is a good Yankee trick that some of our Southern friends would do well to imitate. The awful names *The Richmond* calls are like the cries of an insane man at the approaches of his most loving friends. When it gets its reason, it will see that these Yankees, *THE HERALD* included, are, and have always been, its best friends. We wish them largeness of heart, soundness of wisdom, and fullness of love, and a repentance that will confess their grievous wrong to God's Church, children, and cause, and solicit the forgiveness of those they wronged, and humble restoration to their abandoned fellowship in our true and faithful Church.

The Christian Era is led into error concerning the Methodist church in Beverly. It allows a correspondent to abuse both them and the revival that has been going forward, and half approves his spirit and word.

It would not do so if it knew the facts in the case. Our church there has had to pass through unusual persecution from those who should have warmly sympathized with it. The Congregationalists ministers even prepared a long argument for their *Quarterly* against giving letters to those who wished to join our church, and have preached if not practiced their theory in respect to their own members. The Baptist minister sought to prevent Mr. Earle from fulfilling an engagement at our church, and not preventing it, now comes forward to deny the evidence of any work of God there. We regret this lack of brotherly kindness, the highest gift of grace, but have no doubt the Methodist Church will live under this opposition, and the others yet be ashamed of it. The conversions already in the last six weeks have been about twenty, two thirds of whom are heads of families. We hope the good work will go on and the Congregationalists and Baptists whom its correspondent says cannot share in its labors, will enjoy its fruits. This, judging from many experiences in Methodist history, they will have no objection to do.

From the roof of the new Methodist Building in New York, the whole city and its adjacent rivers, bay and hills, lie before the observer, while Fifth Avenue is seen to move up out of Union Park, directly from its centre, a straight line of costly beauty, to the Central Park, like the Champs d'Elysees from the Place de La Concorde to the Arc d'Etoile and the Bois beyond. Most of the lower and a small part of the second story, are let to one dry-goods house for \$50,000 a year. Other portions will be rented so that the new burden can be easily carried, and allow the Mulberry Street property to be retained for manufacturing purposes, or even transported into the country and put on an area that will allow for homes for the workmen and other desirable improvements.

Dr. Wentworth, in *The Christian Advocate*, does not think the Boston preachers sufficiently enthusiastic over the Seminary, judging from their turn-out to the sermons and the speeches of the graduating class. The trouble was not with the preachers, who were present at all the exercises in full numbers, but in the time and place of the exercises themselves. Had Dr. Wentworth spoken of a Sunday evening, in the Music Hall or Temple, as he ought, he would have had it crowded. Dr. Eddy had a full house, being on a better evening, but far less than he might have had. The selection of nine o'clock of a week-day morning, in a city, for Commencement exercises, was a blunder of high art, so perfect was it. It was surprising that the house was as well filled as it was. Given in the evening, and at a public hall, there would have been a jam. This will be the case, we trust, the next year.

A Good SUGGESTION. — A New Hampshire paper recommends that the Musical Festival be made a permanent anniversary, after the manner of the German and London jubilees. It says New Hampshire will send 3,000 singers to it, instead of the 800 present at the Peace Jubilee. This thought should be carried out. There is no doubt that New England has as great passion for music as Germany, and greater than England, both of which sustain large annual musical gatherings. The North-west, too, shares in this enthusiasm, and culture tends to these conclusions. Mr. Tourjé has issued a circular to the bodies that contributed to the Chorus, asking them to continue their organizations, and to consolidate into a Musical Society, that shall rehearse the best pieces and oratorios ever written, and bring them out in mass, at least once a year. We have no doubt some such results will follow this gigantic demonstration.

Two hundred of the eight thousand children were seized with faintness at their late Jubilee festival. One paper attributes it to their sensitiveness, and to epidemic tendencies. It was probably due to their being put through the Physical Exercises. Throwing the head over each shoulder, and backward and forward, would make any one sick. It is a miserable practice for schools, and should be modified.

FARES TO ROUND LAKE. — From Boston and return: — The best way from Boston to Round Lake is via Providence and New York. The boats are good and the traveller gets a fine view of Narragansett Bay and Hudson River. Cars leave Boston and Providence Depot, at 2 p. m.; leave Providence on boat, at 5.30 p. m. Arrive in New York, at 6 a. m., next day in time to take the up-river day boat to Troy; arrive at

Round Lake the same evening. Fare for the round trip \$10. Tickets for sale at 77 Washington Street and the Boston and Providence Depot. Good to July 20th.

The Providence route is a very enjoyable one, and gives its passengers time to stop over in New York going or returning.

HERALD WANTED. Jan. 28, 1868. — Any one having one, will confer a favor by sending to the Agent.

MOTES.

The Christian Advocate informs its readers that *The Missionary Advocate* for July will contain a large and beautiful engraving of the new Methodist Publishing and Mission Building. *Harper's Weekly*, of June 26, also contains a fine engraving of the same building.

Why did it not tell them that *THE HERALD* gave as fine an engraving as *The Harpers*, a month to a day, before the latter appeared. May 27, ours was published; June 26, theirs. Is it afraid to inform its readers where they can always find the freshest, as well as richest soup?

New York doesn't like the Jubilee. *The Tribune* correspondent and editorial find it hard work to say a good thing about it. Did it ever read a little novel written by Mr. Aesop, and published by the Athenian Tract Society, some thousands of years ago, entitled "Sour Grapes?"

One question of Brother Higgins on Lay Representation last week was misunderstood. He asked if minors could vote. The answer was in reference to ministers. Minors cannot vote.

Gilmore told his players on instruments that the festival would be repeated one hundred years from date. Where? It is a question each should solemnly ask, Shall I tune my harp to praises, or hang it forever on the willows of despair? Only by living in Christ now, can they praise Him forever.

Four hundred thousand persons were brought into Boston on the railroads, Jubilee week. Four hundred thousand were carried to the Coliseum on the Metropolitan horse cars. Was it the same crowd in both cases? This multitude came largely from within twenty miles of the city, showing the populousness of the region. The horse cars of one line carried 100,000 passengers in one day. New York never equalled that.

Dorchester came into Boston, because certain of its "smart" citizens wanted to put the Boston Park in that territory. They will fight hard for that. But it ought not to succeed. The proper place for the city park is west of the city, near Chestnut Hill Reservoir. The hills of Malden and Medford around Spot Pond afford far finer locations for a park than any in Dorchester. As Boston will yet add these cities, and larger towns north and west to her boundaries, she should adjust her Park to all her future limits. No extreme north or south side should be selected.

The new Cable is on its way from Brest to Cape Cod. It will probably get here before the Fourth of July. The event is unnoticed as compared with the first undertaking. How comon the grandest things become after once accomplished.

The same musical correspondent does the Boston Jubilee for *The Tribune* and *The Independent*. If two negatives make an affirmative, his two-fold fault-finding may be considered a powerful compliment. The readers of both journals wish it might be so, for they believe in that wonder, music and all, if the four initials do not.

PERSONAL.

Rev. L. D. Watson, A. B., B. D., late graduate of Boston Theological Seminary, and member of the N. Y. E. Conference, has been elected Prof. of Languages in the Pennsylvania State School at Mansfield.

Governor Claffin being begged for the pen with which he was to sign the Prohibition Law, by two admirers, excelled Solomon in wisdom by the mode he took to accommodate the twain. Instead of cutting the pen in two, he cut the signature in two, writing "William" with one pen and "Claffin" with the other. This half and half action, so unlike his usual manner, does not prefigure the mode of its enforcement.

The financial success of the Jubilee is largely due to Mr. E. D. Jordan. We knew him years ago when a clerk on five dollars a week. He was then full of energy. It has not grown less with years.

Rev. F. A. Loomis of the Providence Conference, is at the City Hospital, being under treatment for his eyes. Both eyes had a cataract formed on the second lens. This lens was taken out by Dr. Williams. He is doing well and will probably recover his sight.

Rev. Samuel Jackson, of Hudson, is improving from his severe attack on the brain. It is expected that he will be able to preach by fall.

The funeral of Father Taylor's wife was largely attended. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Waterston, Rev. Mr. McDonald and Father Merrill. Very touching were the allusions to the departed; her beauty, talent, devoutness, sympathy, and cooperation with her husband were dwelt upon. She was a lady of majestic presence, and yet very affable and accessible. The sailors in many a port will hear with tears of the ascension of "Mother Taylor."

The cosmopolitanism of the Jubilee is seen in the fact that the projector is an Irishman, the superintendent and constructor of the chorus a Frenchman, the chief director a German, the chief singer an Anglo-Italian, the chief violinist, a Norwegian, and the chief financier an American. What other country could have got up such an amalgamation?

Rev. Mr. Keyes, the pastor of Chestnut Street M. E. Church, Portland, for two years past, has given up his parchments to Bishop Jane and been admitted by baptism to the Swedishborgian Church. A letter to a Portland friend, published in the *Portland Press*, confesses to the changes going on in his mind for several years, but says the new wine would have been kept in the old bottles another year, had he been returned to that charge. His orthodoxy was so far suspected that he was privately examined by the Bishop and Presiding Elder at the last Conference, and he avowed himself decidedly and entirely a Methodist. His letter has been answered in a very pungent manner by one of his old members. His departure will be a benefit to the church of which he was the late pastor. The division over him will cease. None of his former friends will sympathize with this step. They will never follow any leaders, however esteemed, who deny the vicarious Saviour and sacrifice, the eternal Trinity, the final judgment, and the resurrection. We regret the step our friend has chosen to take, and doubt not that after a short trial of the cold inaction of his present Church, — the coldest and most inactive of all the professed organisms of Christianity, — he return will to his first love.

Farragut made a special study of the guns at the Jubilee. He followed the wires from the cannon director's stand to the cannon. He may yet fire his guns himself from the mast-head. Nothing is easier. Let the men load below, and let his gunner at his side fire them as he orders. The Peace Jubilee may thus teach war a lesson in her own line.

A memorial tablet of Dr. Judson was placed on the walls of the Baptist Church in Malden, at the half centennial of their Sabbath-school, Sunday evening, June 14. On it is inscribed: —

IN MEMORIAM

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

Born 1788; died 1856. Malden his birthplace, the ocean his sepulchre, converted Burmans and the Burman Bible his monument. His record is in Heaven.

We hope this is but the precursor of a statue. The wealthy men of that church could not more honor their church, themselves or him, than by such a donation.

LAY REPRESENTATION.

The following votes have been received since our last: —

Warren, Mass.,	4 for, 8 against.
North Grosvenordale,	9 " 3 "
Chester, Vt.,	20 " 4 "
Laconia, N. H.,	5 " 3 "
Washington Street Church, Boston,	16 " 7 "
North Charlestown, N. H.,	15 " 2 "
Marblehead, Mass.,	13 " 23 "
North Coventry,	4 " 1 "
Lisbon, N. H.,	6 " 6 "
Malden,	33 " 1 "
Newtonville,	4 " 13 "
Bromfield Street, Boston,	45 " 0 "
Park Street, Worcester,	74 " 6 "
Main Street, Worcester,	75 " 15 "
Laurel Street, Worcester,	22 " 20 "
Stoughton,	20 " 10 "
Gardiner, Me.,	28 " 2 "
Melrose,	61 " 1 "
Pittsfield, Mass.,	17 " 37 "
Westfield,	57 " 6 "
Newton Upper Falls,	10 " 1 "
South St., Lynn,	43 " 2 "
Salisbury, Mass.,	6 " 12 "
Haerhill,	41 " 2 "
New Market, N. H.	9 " 5 "
Salem	13 " 5 "
Dover, N. H.	51 " 0 "
Springfield, Vt.,	9 "
Mathewson Street, Providence.	38 " 20 "
Trinity, Providence,	16 " 30 "
Broadway, Providence,	49 " 00 "
Centreville, R. I.,	1 " 00 "
Middletown, R. I.,	0 " 16 "
Attleboro'	24 " 5 "
Danielsville,	16 " 23 "
Meridian St. Boston,	26 " 3 "
St. Paul's, Lynn,	94 " 2 "
Boston St.,	81 " 0 "
Common St.	25 " 5 "
Maplewood,	9 " 2 "
Waltham,	16 " 41 "
Cliffordale,	9 " 0 "

The Methodist gives the following summary up to June 17: —

Number of churches	576
Churches giving affirmative majorities	367
Churches giving negative majorities	109
Whole number of votes	32,233
Number of votes for Lay Delegation	23,615
Number of votes against Lay Delegation	8,618
Majority for Lay Delegation	15,097

EDUCATIONAL.

Lasell Female Seminary. — The anniversary exercises of the Lasell Female Seminary at Auburndale began on Sunday evening, 20th inst., with a sermon by Rev. Calvin Cutler. On Monday and Tuesday the examination of classes took place, and the scholars exhibited a commendable degree of proficiency in their several studies. On Monday evening a musical soirée was held, which was largely attended and highly enjoyed, the performances demonstrating that careful instruction had been given the young ladies in the musical branch of their education.

On the 23d the literary exercises were opened in the schoolroom by the singing of a hymn, followed by prayer from Rev. Dr. Marvin of Wellesley. Original essays were then read by several of the pupils. Musical exercises were interspersed, in which several of the scholars took part. Diplomas were awarded at the close of the exercises by the principal, Chas. W. Cushing. The school-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and quite a large audience was present.

Professor L. T. Townsend of Boston delivered an address before the school in the afternoon.

In this connection we may state that a very valuable and remarkable mineral well has been discovered on the beautiful grounds of the Seminary. The water has been tested by Dr. S. D. Hayes and pronounced to be of excellent medical quality. Many cures have already been effected. The town ought to be called Castalia, only that Auburndale is so pretty a name.

THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. — Commencement begins July 11th, Sunday, with sermons by the President and Dr. Wentworth. Rev. Dr. Curry and others will deliver addresses. A good time is anticipated.

The Methodist Church.

MAINE.

The New England Conference of the African M. E. Church met in Portland, June 8, and adjourned on the evening of the 8th, after a very harmonious and interesting session. Bishop Campbell presided. The reports of the temporal and spiritual condition of the charges composing the Conference were encouraging, the membership being shown to be equal to that reported last year, although three stations have been transferred to other jurisdictions. The services were well attended; and on the Sabbath the Methodist pulpits in the city, with one exception, were supplied by members of the Conference. Some of them are spoken of as very able preachers of the Word. One — Rev. J. R. V. Morgan — preached last Sabbath, June 13, at Chestnut Street M. E. Church, and at Casco Street Free Baptist. The following are the appointments for the ensuing year: —

Portland — John E. Thomas. Boston — E. T. Williams. New Bedford — J. G. Smith. Providence — Jno. H. W. Burley. Newport — Joseph P. Shreve. New Haven — Wm. Ross. Bridgeport and Danbury — Joshua Hale. Lynn Mission — John T. Hayslett. Worcester Mission — Wm. Johnson. Lee Mission — W. N. Bowman. Plymouth Mission — J. H. Madison. Norwich and Plainfield — J. G. Mowbrey.

The next session will be held at Providence, R. I., on the first Thursday of June, 1870. Commemoration day was very generally observed by the various posts of the G. A. R., in this State, on Saturday, May 29, a very commendable disposition to avoid even an apparent desecration of the Sabbath being manifested. The services took largely of a religious character.

The churches in the State have been holding their "feasts of ingathering." Rev. A. W. Pottle, of Congress Street, has recently baptized eleven persons, most if not all of whom were received into the Church. Rev. E. Martin, of Lewiston, administered the same ordinance to twenty-two persons a few days since.

Among the pleasant things connected with the Anniversary of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, June 9, 10, and 11, was the presentation of a solid silver service, valued at about \$600, to Rev. Dr. Torsey, the able and efficient President. The present comes from the Alumni of the institution.

We are having an ecclesiastical sensation. Rev. E. R. Keyes, late pastor of Chestnut Street M. E. Church, who was transferred to the New York Conference at the last session of the Maine Conference, has published in *The Portland Daily Press*, a letter announcing that he has sent his ordination parchments to Bishop Janes, and severed his connection with the M. E. Church. He says: "While I have long been in doubt concerning the truth of some of the leading doctrines of Methodism, yet I found, and still find, in the fundamental principles or axioms of Arminian theology, substantial truth."

He finds himself "compelled to renounce the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the Godhead, vicarious atonement, imputed guilt and righteousness, the resurrection of the material body, and a local, material heaven."

He announces that he has long considered a change in his church relation as "lying among the future possibilities." And those who knew his views, have felt that it was among the probabilities. More than a year since he announced from the pulpit that he was, "A little of a Swedenborgian, a little of a Universalist, a little of a Unitarian, a little of a Congregationalist, a little of a Methodist, and not much of either." So lately, however, as the 10th of May he declared himself a Methodist, in full harmony with the Methodist Church in doctrine. Now in his letter he "finds himself in substantial accord with the doctrines of the New Church." How all these statements are to be reconciled, does not yet appear. It

is reported that he is to supply for some Sabbaths this summer the pulpit of the Swedenborgian Church in Portland. Another rumor, but probably an unreliable one, makes him the successor of Rev. Mr. Bolles, in the pastorate of the Congress Square Universalist Church.

PORTLAND PREACHERS' MEETING. — The Methodist ministers of Portland and vicinity met at the vestry of the Chestnut St. Church, June 21st, and organized the "Portland Preachers' Meeting." And so the child of days greets the fathers. Pray for us.

The following officers were chosen: — President, K. Atkinson; Vice-President, S. R. Bailey; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Sanderson.

Till further notice the meetings will be held in the vestry of the Chestnut St. Church every Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

We seek for social, intellectual, and spiritual culture. All brethren of the Conference will be gladly welcomed. The meeting belongs to the Conference. We design to have no limits in this respect.

We trust that our brethren of other Conferences will not forget us should they be in the city any Monday morning.

VERMONT.

The corner-stone of the new M. E. Church at West Concord, was laid with appropriate ceremonies, on Tuesday, June 15, by the Pastor, Rev. S. B. Currier, assisted by Rev. E. W. Parker. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Revs. J. C. W. Coxe, E. C. Bass, I. Luce, and E. W. Parker. The building is to be 41 x 55 feet, with a front projection of 10 x 28 feet, and one in the rear 10 x 18. The basement will be 10 feet high, entirely above ground, and the audience-room 19 feet high, and designed to seat 300 persons. The cost of the building is estimated at about \$5,000. Too much praise can scarcely be awarded to the Pastor for his energy and success in this enterprise. X.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Church building and repairing is still quite active in different parts of the State. The Baptists of Lebanon have commenced to build a new edifice that is to cost \$10,000. We hear that the M. E. Church at Portsmouth is being remodeled at an expense of several thousand dollars. At Laconia, the Methodists have bought a house which they are refitting in modern style. The Congregational church in that village is also undergoing thorough repairs.

CONNECTICUT.

At the annual meeting of the New Haven Methodist district held at North Haven on Thursday, it was proposed to hold a convention for the purpose of considering the question of consolidating Connecticut into one Conference. The Committee on the subject on the part of New Haven District are Presiding Elder Griswold, the Rev. Mr. Knowles of Middletown, W. B. Johnson of North Haven, and Edwin Crosby of Hartford. The Committee on the part of the Bridgeport District are T. G. Osborn, the Rev. J. M. Carroll and G. W. Bacon of Bridgeport, and G. W. Cheeseman of Birmingham. The convention will be held either in October or November, and the place will be either Hartford or New Haven. — *Hartford Courant.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

Walnut St. M. E. Society, Chelsea, has its Strawberry Festival Wednesday evening, June 30. All are cordially invited.

WINTHROP STREET CHURCH. — It will be seen by the Register that a festival is to be held in the vestry of the new Winthrop Street Church, Roxbury, this evening. There will undoubtedly be a full attendance. The pastor, Rev. A. McKeown, preached an eloquent and touching discourse on "Christian Unity" on Sunday last. Next Sunday the society will commence services in their new church. It will be an occasion of unusual interest.

WORCESTER. — Rev. C. H. Hanaford writes: "Our church building enterprise at Webster Square prospers finely. We broke ground the 18th of May. We hope to get into the vestry early in the fall."

TAUNTON. — Rev. L. B. Bates writes: "On the afternoon of the day of dedication the pews of the new church were rented for the present Conference year. Something over \$4,000 was the amount, including \$1,500 choice money. The church is located in a community where a large field presents itself for cultivation for the Master. We are looking and praying for a harvest of souls. If sinners be not converted to God and gathered to Christ, all is a failure."

GROVELAND. — Rev. Samuel H. Noon writes: "We have had of late some prosperity in Groveland. Our meetings are well attended, and are seasons of refreshing. One week ago last Sabbath three were baptized and five united with the Church. We have also recently received a gift of some five hundred and fifty dollars from Sister Chase of Haverhill (widow of the late Rev. Moses Chase), to aid in the liquidation of our debt.

"The gift is most opportune. Our prayer is that the benediction of Him who has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' may rest upon the donor. Should any lover of our Zion desire to aid in a similar manner, or by smaller contributions, the help will be thankfully received. No church in Conference is more deserving, has struggled harder, or sacrificed more for the cause of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Brethren, 'pray for us.'

HOW GERMAN METHODISM GOT INTO ROXBURY. — Rev. M. Trafton sends this interesting statement: —

In Dr. Warren's interesting article in the HERALD on "A Neglected Branch of Education," he gives a brief notice of German Methodism in Roxbury, and of its introduction. Now, having a more perfect knowledge of that way, it has occurred to me that it might be interesting to the readers of the HERALD and also of future historic interest, to give a brief account of the introduction of German Methodism into the Highlands.

I was stationed in Roxbury in 1852; we had purchased the old Baptist Church on Dudley Street, and moved it to a lot procured for the purpose on Warren Street. Our old church on Williams Street, of course would soon be vacated, and the question was, what shall we do with it? It struck me that it would be an eligible position for a mission of some kind. I learned from some of the brethren, that there were some 200 families which possibly might be reached by a little effort. The General Conference was then in session in Boston, of which Drs. Nast and Lyon were members. I went to Dr. Nast and stated the case to him, and he consented to go out and preach to the Germans in our church on Sunday evening, if I would get the notice among them. But *hoc opus*, and how was this work to be done? I could speak no German, and had no acquaintance with a single individual of that nationality in the city. But it must be done; I had engaged Dr. Nast to preach to the Germans from my pulpit on the coming Sunday evening, and a congregation must be gathered for him by some means.

Ascertaining the location of a German drinking shop, I pushed in and asked the old gentleman if he could speak English? "Nein," said he, with a shake of his head. "Well," said I, "can you give a notice for me?" He shook his head again. "Well," said I to myself, "then that grunt represented by the letters *nein*, must mean no. I was much in the condition of the shipwrecked Irishman who would borrow the Frenchman's gridiron to broil his bit of pork. "Parlez-vous Français," he shouts. "Oui, Monsieur," replies the Frenchman. "Well then, will ye just give us the loan of yur gridiron," says Paddy. Our colloquy could go no further. The bewildered German pointed to a slate hanging upon the wall. I at once caught both idea and slate, and spread out upon it the following —

"NOTICE.

"Rev. Doctor Nast, a native of Germany, will preach a sermon in German, next Sunday evening, in the Methodist Church on Williams St. Service commences at 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free."

I thus threw the seed by the highway and left it. Both Nast and Lyon came to my house to tea, after which with a great degree of anxiety on my part, we walked down to the church. To our great delight we found from fifty to sixty Germans of both sexes seated in the body slips. Bro. Nast gave the hungry souls a feast, as their fixed attention showed. The Fatherland, with all its sweet associations, floated before them. Notice was given of a similar service on the next Sabbath. And this continued for four or five Sabbaths, the congregation steadily increasing.

On the last evening Bro. Lyon explained to them our operations among the Germans, and then asked "Shall we send a preacher to you?" when, in answer, all rose up. Bro. Grimm was appointed to Roxbury, came to my house, tenement was found for him; we had vacated the old church in the meantime, which the Germans took, and God has blessed the effort. And thus it is that Methodism came to the Germans in the Highlands.

NEW YORK.

ANOTHER LARGE COLLECTION. — The congregation of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday last, after a sermon by the Pastor, Dr. E. G. Andrews, contributed the magnificent collection of *thirty thousand dollars* as a special gift to cancel the floating debt against the church. This was in addition to the large contributions, amounting to \$125,000, previously made by the same congregation to aid in the erection of the new church. — *New York Advocate.*

THE NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING is evidently having a good time over the subject of women preachers. *The World* spreads its last debate entire before its readers. As for women, they have been queens and generals, and sailors, and soldiers, and doctors, and priests, and class-leaders, and we see not why they may not become preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In New York, Chicago, and a few other localities, where Papacy, Germany, and Infidelity are strong, the Decoration Day was kept on Sunday. In New York it was a miserable failure. *The World* says: —

"The truth may as well be told. The decoration of the graves of our Union soldiers, yesterday, by the Grand Army of the Republic, was a flat failure so far as the ceremonial in this city was concerned. There were not over eight hundred persons in the procession; but little interest was manifested in the matter by the populace; while the religious people, with the exception of the small knot of so-called Liberal Christians, were hostile to the celebration because of the infringement upon their ideas of the proper observance of the Sabbath. The original conception of this floral tribute to the gallant dead of the Union army was a noble one, and, with proper management, it might have been made one of the most significant and touching of memorials to those who died that the nation might live. But from the first the affair assumed a partisan and irreligious character, and in this city, at least, it miscarried. Better luck and better management next time, we hope."

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — Num. xiv. 21.

A FEARFUL SIGHT. — The following picture, so graphically drawn, is from Rev. W. G. Cunningham, late missionary to China. Read, and re-read it, and consider well its startling facts: —

"Suppose the worshippers of Buddha — those who burn incense before his image, and bend the knee in adoration in his temples, were placed in procession, and required to pass in review before the Christian world! We would not include the millions who worship other idols, but only those who have no other or better ground of hope than this monstrous delusion of Satan — worshippers of this once false god. Behold the vast procession as it begins to move, numbering *more than five hundred millions!* From China, Japan, Borneo, Sumatra, Cochin-China, Soo Choo, Siam, Hindustan, and the beautiful islands of the East India Archipelago, Ceylon, Singapore, Penang, they come. Take your stand on some lofty elevation, and count them as they pass! At the head of the column appears an enormous wooden image, dressed in rich silks, with costly jewels glittering on his forehead, breast, and hands. A million of yellow-robed priests appear as his immediate servants, while more than a million trumpets bray his praise in frightful discord, as millions of censers fill the atmosphere with perfume! Heading westward now, the grand procession moves, begin the task of counting. Night and day, without rest, or food, or sleep, you continue the weary work, yet eleven days have passed before you have counted the first million. Day after day the moving column advances at the rate of thirty miles for every twenty-four hours. Over mountains, over deserts, oceans, seas, rivers, onward in its solemn march the endless column doubles upon itself, then doubles again, and again, and again, until it girdles the earth twenty-one times! Days and weeks, and months and years, have passed away, and still they come — men, women, and children. Fifty years have rolled over you since you began counting these devotees of a false religion. The little child has become a man, and the generation has removed itself, since the march began. For fifteen hundred years this awful delusion has been leading the hosts of Asia to the region of eternal night!"

"This picture (suggested by Dr. Culbertson's estimate of the population of China), is not exaggerated. The worshippers of Buddha are increasing with the population of the Eastern world. The Church in Christendom seems asleep! Fifteen thousand ministers of the Gospel in the United States, with a population of 30,000,000, and two hundred in China, with a population of 400,000,000! The Church in the United States gives less than twenty-five cents a member for the conversion of the heathen world, while the native Christian churches of Asia give more than one dollar to each member for the same purpose! The Buddhists in China pay four times as much annually to support their religion, as the Christians of the United States do to support the Gospel! These are not guesses, but facts. When will Christians awake to their responsibilities to the heathen world? No wonder we find it difficult to maintain the conflict with the world around us. We are not doing our duty as a Church. 'Go ye into all the world,' said the Saviour. But we will not go. Would a military commander dare treat the order of the chief as we do the command of our risen Lord? Would a mercenary agent interpret this loosely, or thus despise the instruction of his employer? The condition of the heathen world, going to destruction, is scarcely more melancholy than the Christian Church asleep."

NORWAY. — Rev. S. A. Steenson writes to the Mission Rooms, New York, from Sarpsborg, Norway. He communicates most encouraging news respecting the work of God there. He says: —

"The work of God in this place has prospered much this winter. Some thirty persons have been converted since Christmas; five have been admitted into full membership, nine received on probation, and eight more are on the point of asking admittance on trial. We feel as if a refreshing sun has begun."

TOUR TO SHANLAND. — Rev. A. T. Rose, a Baptist missionary in Burmah, has made a tour among the Shans, very interesting Notes of which are given in the *Missionary Magazine*. He thus describes an interview with a priest: —

"We often saw the benefit of the Royal Order which we carried with us. A zealous, and rather crabbed old kyong tagar, who seemed not to know that the world moves, and who had heard of us and our books and our preaching, came to the nayat, and demanded to know in plain words if I did not worship those gods (pointing to the pagodas near by), and images of Gaudama?" I said 'No.' 'Now the great lord king?' I said 'No,' and gave him my reasons, which gave me a good chance to say what I wished to before a large crowd of people. This quite offended him, and he told me to stop preaching such things. I said, 'No, I cannot stop.' But he said, 'You must; you have no right to preach such things.' I told him I had a right. He wished to know who gave me this right. I told him the King of earth and heaven, and repeated the great command, 'Go ye into all the world,' etc. But that did not pass with the old man. He must have something that had the 'peacock's tail' on it; so I had the Royal Pass read aloud. This took, and he went off muttering, 'If the Lord of great glory knew what you preach, he would not give the royal command.'"

His description of a Shan court, and what took place there, is full of interest: —

"We spent only a part of the day at Legya. Called at the [governor's] court; he is tall, plain, sensible-looking man, of no display; business was going on, and there were some fine appearing Shan men in court. Officials stopped talking; clerks laid aside their writing; petitions were folded and all looked at us and listened to us. The governor manifested less surprise and interest than the crowd of court people around him, though he was respectful, and before we left seemed friendly and kind. Two fine-looking women came into court from the inner apartments, to see and hear. The conversation here, as always elsewhere, turned at once to religion. Our Pass, which described us as 'American teachers,' 'travelling by royal favor to teach and preach,' etc., was well adapted to excite in all minds a desire to hear what the teachers who came to them with the royal permit, had to say."

"Nothing seemed so much to puzzle the people, after they had heard our preaching, as the fact that the king, who by repeated public proclamations, gloried in fostering the 'divine religion' (Buddhism), should allow foreign teachers to travel through this country with a royal pass, giving the fullest liberty to preach the things of the Eternal God and of His Christ, so diametrically opposed to Buddhism. This was a mystery to the people everywhere, and was often talked of. I am sure that many thought, what the old man at Thongmai said, 'If the king knew what doctrines you hold, he would not give you royal permission to travel and preach in his country.'"

A GREAT WORK IN A SHORT TIME. — Isidor Loewenthal, during a missionary life of only seven years, became master of the Afghan, Persian, Arabic, Cashmeri, and Hindustani languages, and translated the entire New Testament into Afghan, besides nearly completing a dictionary of the same language. Eternity can only give the results of these seven years of missionary labor.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST.

STONEHAM. — Baptist meetings were commenced in this thriving village eight months ago and already there is the nucleus of a growing church. A Sunday-school has been organized; two weekly prayer-meetings sustained; several cases of hopeful conversion have occurred; two have been baptized and others are awaiting the ordinance; twenty-five or thirty members of Baptist churches are residents of the town and a regular congregation of from fifty to one hundred and fifty has been gathered. — *Era*.

The South Baptist church and society in South Boston have recently borne witness to their present prosperity in liquidating a floating debt of eight thousand dollars.

SUNDAY FUNERALS. — Says the *National Baptist* (Philadelphia): "Rev. David Spenser, Pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church of this city, tells us that the clergymen in his ward have united in a protest against Sunday funerals. At the beginning of the present year they announced to their respective churches that they would not officiate at a funeral on Sunday, except in cases where the physician and undertaker furnished a certificate to the effect that burial on Sunday was a necessity."

In the Central Square Baptist Church in this city thirty-one were baptized last Sabbath. These make eighty-three baptized during the nineteen months of Dr. Cheney's labors with this church.

The present numerical strength of the Baptist denomination in the United States, according to the Year-book, is 1,121,988. This shows an increase over last year of 12,062.

At the Ministers' Conference last Monday, 103 baptisms were reported for the past month, as follows: —

Shawmut Avenue, 10; Tremont Temple, 4; Central Square, 31; First Charlestown, 3; First Chelsea, 3; Old Cambridge, 3; First Somerville, 2; Perkins Street, Somerville, 2; West Dorchester, 4; Hyde Park, 3; First Lynn, 5; Central Salem, 7; Peabody, 6; Second Lawrence, 4; North Scituate 6; Keene, N. H., 11.

CONGREGATIONAL.

On Sunday last, thirty-two persons joined the Congregational church at Washington, D. C., being the largest number that has ever joined it at one time.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, after a most delightful sermon, in which the veteran of more than eighty years showed all the power of his best days, on the last Sabbath afternoon informed his people at Braintree that he should perform no further labor as their pastor and minister, and that they must take immediate measures to procure an associate pastor who shall discharge the functions which have devolved upon him for more than half a century. — *Congregationalist*.

EPISCOPAL.

At the recent Conference in Chicago, the following resolutions were offered: —

Resolved, As the opinion of this Conference, that a careful revision of the "Book of Common Prayer" is needful to the best interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Resolved, That all words or phrases seeming to teach that the Christian ministry is a priesthood, or the Lord's Supper a sacrifice, or that regeneration is inseparable from Baptism, should be removed from the Prayer-book.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

NEW YORK SCHOOL FUND. — The Roman Catholics of New York have succeeded in having the Legislature grant the division of the School Fund; so that Protestants will in future have to contribute toward the propagation of Papacy in that city and State, as the schools will be on a sectarian basis.

Mary Smith is still imprisoned in a convent in New York, because she is a Methodist; and this is a free country!

BURIED ALIVE IN A CONVENT. — The Madrid correspondent of the *Independence* relates the following case of forced imprisonment in a convent, which has excited the indignation of the entire population of Madrid: "In the most remote part of a nunnery situated in Hortaleza Street there is a cell little more than a yard square, into which air and light were admitted by a small opening in the top of the wall. The Civil Governor of Madrid received an anonymous letter informing him that a human being was confined in this hole, and on proceeding to the place he found a young woman, aged about twenty-eight, who had been for several years shut up in this horrible den. She belongs to a respectable family in South America. When she came to Madrid she was young and beautiful, but her husband suspecting her of unfaithfulness, sought the almoner of the convent, and it was agreed between them that the wife should be shut up in one of the cells. For five years he has acted in this capacity to the satisfaction of the husband. More will be heard of this case, which is now in the hands of justice."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO MEET THE CASE. — Merle D'Aubigné has written a letter to Mr. Kinnaird, member of the British Parliament, giving his views in reference to the coming Ecumenical Conference in Rome. D'Aubigné concludes his letter thus: —

"In these times Roman Catholics and Free-thinkers show great boldness; shall we, the Evangelical Christians, be the only cowards? Some points which have occurred to me as subjects of discussion I will mention to you: —

"1. Jesus Christ the only head of the Church, who creates, preserves, sanctifies and defends it, delivering it from the power of that man who pretends to take his place.

"2. The Word of God, the only source and rule of Christian truth, which delivers us from traditions and ordinances of men.

"3. The righteousness of Christ, His propitiatory sacrifice and faith in the perfect work accomplished by Him, instead of the Romish notion of salvation by works and superstitious practices.

"4. The new birth and worship in the Spirit, instead of the *opus operatum* of human rites.

"5. Religious liberty in opposition to the *syllabus*; man having to answer only to God.

"6. The universal priesthood of Christians, who, recognizing a ministry instituted by God, reject the idea of priest celibacy, monachism," &c.

At South-place Chapel, Finsbury, London, the service is conducted by Mr. M. D. Conway — an American gentleman. The creed which the lecturer and his followers profess is a pure Theistic Unitarianism. They believe that is, in one God; but on points of theological doctrine have no more affinity with Christianity than with Buddhism. So much of Deity is kept as saves them from the reproach of Atheism, and hardly a whit more. The book of hymns is a selection from different poets, Carlyle, Shelley, and George Herbert being among the names that appear in the index. — *Globe*.

The Chinese population at the Sandwich Islands, says the *Occident*, are attracting the attention of the Christian community. One of their number, a convert to Christianity, has been employed as a colporteur by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, at a salary of \$800. He is now making a tour of the Islands, preaching and establishing schools. He has held several meetings on Sabbath evening, at the Seamen's Bethel, which have been well attended by his countrymen. Thus these Islands, rescued from heathenism by American Christians, are aiding us in Christianizing emigrants from an empire which, as some are apprehending, may soon flood our Pacific States with a heathen population that will consign them to the darkness of paganism.

Our Social Meeting.

M. G. T. writes as if she was acquainted with her subject.

MORNING.

It may be as much in vain to talk to the majority of people of the early morning, as it is to talk to them of Christian life. They will usually heed the one or the other, only as the special providences of God, and compulsory connections with worldly arrangements, oblige them to. And as we do not, on this account, cease to urge a divine life, so will we not withhold a word for the morning.

Mrs. Stowe in her "Old Town Folks," — a book by the way as naturally just and fearless in its awards as Sir Walter's "Kenilworth Castle," — has well spoken of what is so wholly unknown to most people, to wit, the jubilee of praise that during the summer solstice hails the earliest dawning of each new day. A chorus of everything that hath breath seems for a few minutes to participate in the general outburst. Who can hear it and not be moved devoutly and rejoicingly to worship? Sometimes these winged worshippers seem to hurry the service, for long before the sun appears, it is all over, and they have gone to their work and to their labor until evening. They never incur the rebuke of long prayers to be seen of men, and may perhaps in this be as instructive as in the purity and heartiness of their praise. God pity those who hear it and do not long to share in the innocence and beauty of their involuntary praise.

The illuminated clouds that herald the coming day are purer and more gloriously tinted than those that at dusty eve give gorgious welcome to the weary sun. In the morning, too, there is a jeweled splendor from the dew-drops, which the evening seldom gives.

Above all, when a day has so opened upon us in all its God-given and ineffable glories, and we have lifted up the gates of the soul and the King of Glory has come in, the Shekinah has full possession, there is a hallowing influence abides with us through the day, even as the coolness of the morning mists alleviate the heats of midday.

But why talk of the morning to a fashionable world? God's best gifts are only for those whose souls enter within the veil and dwell with Him.

M. G. T.

A Maine Itinerant sends a good suggestion to Maine brethren, and all other places. He calls it

SMALL INVESTMENTS WITH LARGE PROFITS.

How good-natured it makes us feel when our brethren or sisters remember us by sending to the parsonage, in their season, a bunch of rhubarb, or asparagus, or a bowl of strawberries or cherries, or some other *rarity* which we must of necessity otherwise forego.

How much good such simple tokens of remembrance and good will accomplish, for these little things endear a people to their pastor far more than a much greater present in money.

Don't forget your pastors, brethren, in these little things; you are not aware of their worth to him, and we very much prefer, in general, that our presents, if we are to have any, and the most of us do, should come along in this way, and scattered all through the year too. In other words, we prefer to be kindly remembered all through the year than once or twice; a long blessing than a short one.

Elizabeth Nichols offers the following: —

WATCH OVER ME.

Soft blow the breezes, bright is the sky,
Flutter the leaflets, birds flitting by;
Joyous as nature, I'm happy and free,
O blessed Jesus, watch over me!

Dark clouds are o'er me; loud tempests rave,
Friends that have loved me are cold in the grave;
Shadows about me, no light I see,
Merciful Saviour, watch over me!

Keep me securely in darkness or light,
Never, O Jesus, withdraw from my sight,
In sorrow or gladness wilt Thou near me be,
O blessed Jesus, watch over me.

J. Elkins writes on a familiar theme.

HAPPINESS.

It needs no labored argument to prove that happiness "is our being's end and aim." All are in pursuit of it, but how opposite the means used to obtain the favored boon. It is the main-spring of action; the moving power that guides us all along the mazy paths of life.

How often have the poor, as they have gazed upon the sons of fortune rolling in luxury, thought that if they were thus situated they should reach the summit of earthly bliss;

when, perhaps, at the same moment, those very sons of affluence, harassed and perplexed, have sighed for the freedom of the laboring poor. Very often do we see parents toiling to hoard up a vast amount of wealth for their children, adopting any means to attain the desired end, when perhaps those very children will curse them as they squander their ill-gotten treasure. O ye parents! how much better is it to labor that your children may inherit a good name and true, virtuous principles, treasures that fade not by possession, but wear brighter and purer unto the perfect day. Think ye the revelers at the grog-shop would tarry thus long, did they not fancy they were quaffing fresh joy at every draught? surely not. 'Tis only in their cups they think they find true happiness. Even the thief who steals our goods or money in the darkness of night, thinks in its possession he shall be happy.

Now in all those turmoils we can find no happiness, but only sorrow and remorse. To be happy we must be good.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WEEDS. — Many a farmer's boy has wondered why weeds were created and where the seed comes from. The same problem has vexed the minds of some of the older heads, especially in haying time, when they could not spare time to attend to hoeing. We believe all things were created for a wise purpose, and that weeds are no exception to the rule. If an evil exists we must do what we can to abate the same. We cannot blot weeds out of existence wholly, but we can keep them in subjection. Evil passions are natural to the human family, and yet how many there are who succeed in keeping their passions so in check that no harm is done to themselves or their neighbors. The why weeds exist we cannot answer unless it be to try the patience of men and as a punishment for the great sin committed by our first parents. If it be so, then it is wisely arranged, for it is only by trials and troubles, by hard discipline that we are best fitted to bear the burdens of this life and enjoy the glories of the world to come. It is a stubborn fact that weeds and noxious plants exist, and that their seeds are scattered widely over the face of the earth. Originally, with few exceptions, and to a considerable extent at the present time, each division of the earth's surface had its own peculiar vegetation, including weeds, but since commerce and extensive travel up and down the earth has become the fashion, the seeds of many plants have been scattered more widely, so that to-day we are cursed or blessed with a greater variety of weeds than formerly, many of which are exotics. Weed seeds sometimes lie dormant in the earth for many years, and when circumstances are favorable, spring up as if by magic, to the surprise of all. It is said that weeds, and some of them of varieties rarely seen, will spring from earth taken from a considerable depth on an alluvial soil. This can only be accounted for on the theory that when these accumulations were being made, the seed was deposited there or washed down and covered to such an depth in the earth as to prevent its germination, and when brought to the surface and exposed to the genial influences of sun and rain, though many years have passed, start forth into life. It is generally noticed that when the forests in the country are burned off, that a weed known as "fire weed" springs up in great abundance, though none may have been noticed there before. There is no new creation, but it is reasonable to believe that the fire having cleared the land and left, perhaps, a deposit of ashes, the circumstances are favorable to the development of the seeds of the weed we have referred to, that may have been lying there for a long time. Many weeds are allowed to mature along the fences and walls, producing thousands of seeds to be scattered over the fields, much to the annoyance of the farmer. Great efforts should be made to prevent such a result, for if weed seeds are produced in such vast numbers and do remain so long in the soil, the only safe way is never to allow a single plant to mature. Much weed seed comes in the manure from the stable. We know a small farm where some years ago several loads of stable manure were used which proved to be filled with seed of the "Shepard's Sprout," a bad weed that comes early and late and all the time, for neither the droughts of summer nor the frosts of winter seem to injure it, and it has cost a hundred times what the manure was worth to fight this weed and the end is not yet. Weeds are much like bad habits; once having taken possession it is hard to get rid of them. The remedy is obvious to all; continual hoeing and weeding so as to prevent a further deposit of seed. There is such a thing, however some may doubt it, as perfect freedom from weeds of every kind; not that they may not come up, but none are allowed to grow and thrive. We once asked a good farmer how it was that his grounds seemed so clear? and he replied that he could not afford to grow weeds. No person can afford it or should be willing to do so. We feel it is not wrong to hate the weeds as we do snakes, so as to wage on them a war of extermination.

KING OF THE EARLIES POTATO. — This new variety was originated in 1862, from the Garnet Chili, by Albert Bresse, of Hubbardton, Vt., and has been known as "Bresse's No. 4." The vines are of medium size, or a little below; leaves large. It bears no balls; tubers large and handsome, roundish, a little flattened; eyes a little pink, and rather small; skin flesh color or dull pinkish white; flesh white, cooks mealy, and is of the best table-quality. Matures very early, ripening some days earlier than the Early Rose, and is a larger yielder. It has proved, so far, very hardy.

INFLUENCE OF STOCK AND GRAFT. — It was formerly believed that the influence of the stock on the graft was very

slight in its effect on the fruit; but more careful observation shows that it is greater than had been previously suspected; but further observation is necessary to a final satisfactory solution of the question. There are some varieties of pears, like the Wilkinson, which it is extremely difficult to graft. The wood of this variety is rarely cylindrical; the section having a flattened, oval shape. The Delight of Hardenton (the true or Belgian variety) is another kind which does not readily take the graft. In attempting, some years since, to graft some large Siberian crab-trees in the limbs, with russet apples, we found it extremely difficult to procure a union. In these instances, the pith of the tree was far away from the centre, though the section was circular. Then there are certain fruits, such as the Lawrence Pear, which are very difficult to suit with stocks. The injurious effect which some grafts appear to exercise on the stock, in many instances wholly destroying it, is very singular, especially as this effect is produced only when they are grafted into the limbs, and not when a bud is inserted in a young stock in the nursery, though such varieties, being usually not of vigorous growth, do not make large trees under any circumstances.

The Righteous Dead.

REV. ORLANDO HINES. — This venerable patriarch, after serving his generation, fell asleep in Jesus, March 1, 1869, in the 87th year of his age.

Rev. Orlando Hines was born in Sandwich, N. H., April 4, 1782. He was converted at the age of 23, in Portland, Me., and soon after connected himself with the M. E. Church in that place. In 1806, he was married to Mary Brackett, of Westbrook, near Portland, who, with three sons and two daughters, survives him. He was licensed to preach in 1809, and joined the N. E. Conference in 1810. His first appointment was on the Portsmouth Circuit, in connection with John Williamson; in 1811 and '12, he was stationed on the Poplin and Salem Circuit. At the close of his second year at Poplin he was received into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, at Lynn, Mass. In 1813 and '14 he was stationed at Needham. He was ordained elder by Bishop McKendree, in June, 1814, at the Conference held at Durham, Me. The following are the appointments which he subsequently occupied: In 1815 and '16, Providence, R. I.; in 1817, Needham; 1818, Marblehead; 1819, Malden; 1820; '21, Poplin, now Fremont; in 1822 and '23 he was supernumerary; 1824 and '25 again at Poplin; in 1826, '27, '28, and '29, he was stationed at Epping; in 1830 and '31, at Amoskeag; in 1832, '33, and '34, at Pembroke; in 1835 and '36, at Bow; in 1837, he was supernumerary; in 1838, he was stationed at Loudon. This was his last regular appointment. In 1839 he was again supernumerary, and has continued in that relation for nearly thirty years. In 1832, when upon the Pembroke Circuit, he moved his family to Chichester, which was a part of his charge, where they continued to the time of his death.

He has been more or less feeble for many years; yet he endeavored to do what he could, to the last, in the Divine Master's cause. He was a man of great personal dignity, and urbanity of manners, with a heart full of Christian sympathy; a man whose personal piety was deep and uniform; a man of few enemies, and of many warm and personal friends. A whole generation of ministers and members have come into the Church since he has been laid aside as an effective man. Few of the active ministers of the Church of this day have had much personal knowledge of him, except those who have sustained to him the relation of pastor. These all can testify that they always found in him a warm-hearted Christian, friend, and father, a safe adviser, and always ready to assist, without assuming to lead, to the extent of his ability. He died, as he had lived, in peace with God and man, and in blessed hope of glorious immortality. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, whose presence testified the high respect and esteem in which he was held by those who had long been acquainted with him. Rev. H. H. Hartwell, his pastor, preached an appropriate discourse from Acts xi. 24, and was assisted in the other services by the clergymen of the town, and by those of neighboring appointments.

E. ADAMS.

Concord, March, 1869.

Mrs. LYDIA PATTERSON died at Malden, Mass., June 1.

Sister P. was for many years a member of the M. E. Church in Kennebunkport, and though for a time removed from us, yet we were still one in heart. For some months past, she was afflicted with mental depression, approaching to a deep melancholy, which at times prevented the clear exercise of the mind in reference to things temporal and spiritual; but her previous consistent life and godly conversation left no doubt in the mind as to her eternal well-being. We laid her by in earth with bright anticipations of a glorious immortality.

DANIEL HALLERON.

Mrs. AGNES MERRIL died in Kennebunkport, Me., June 7.

Sister M. joined the M. E. Church, in this place, in 1837, and continued faithful to its interests till her death. Her quiet, unassuming deportment, her gentle disposition, holding the even tenor of its way to the "fords of Jordan," endeared her to all, and embalmed her memory in the hearts of many. "She being dead, yet speaketh." Though her ashes rest far from her native Scotland (which she left in 1804), and the dust of her fathers, yet we are assured that in a foreign land she was not far from home, and is now among the blood-washed before the throne.

DANIEL HALLERON.

Kennebunkport.

Bro. JOEL FULLER died in Marlboro, May 16, after an illness of three days.

He had been an active and valuable member of the M. E. Church forty years. Ardent and emotional in his nature, he often shouted the praise of God, and exultingly anticipated heaven. He enjoyed the last Sabbath evening prayer-meeting before his death very much, and on his way home called at every house and spoke of the meeting to his neighbors, whose confidence and esteem he possessed. Almost his last words were, "I know of nothing that will shut me out of heaven."

HENRY H. ARNOLD.

Died, in Omro, Wis., May 17, 1869, at the residence of his son-in-law, Gilman Lowd, Mrs. JUDITH McKEEN, aged 71 years.

Decesed was formerly of Manchester, N. H., and had been a member of the M. E. Church for thirty years. She died peacefully, commanding herself to our Lord Jesus. Funeral sermon by Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, from Rev. xiv. 13.

N. M. L.

Bro. STEPHEN H. PIERCE died in Attleboro, May 19, 1869, aged 21 years.

He was converted while Rev. Alex. Anderson was pastor of the Methodist Church in this place. He was a licensed exhorter, and would have been a good minister of the Lord Jesus, had he lived to carry out his purposes. From the day of his conversion to the day of his death, he was an earnest worker for his Lord. He died with heaven in full view; and devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

H. D. ROBINSON.

Bro. WM. N. VICKERY died in Attleboro, June 12, 1869, aged 20 years, 11 months.

He was an excellent young man, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. He will be missed, not only by his parents and brother, but by the Church and Sabbath-school.

H. D. ROBINSON.

Died, in Farmington, Me., May 3, at the residence of her son, Mr. David Clark, Mrs. ANNA E. C. SMITH, of Kingston, N. H., aged 75 years and 11 months.

She was converted at the age of twenty, and from that time till her death was an earnest and consistent Christian. She was one of

the pillars of the Church in Kingston, in its early struggles, and remained a faithful member of it till called to the Church triumphant.

J. E.

In Newburyport, March 21, of consumption, Mrs. SARAH COLLINS, aged 79 years and 6 months.

For some twelve or fourteen years she had professed religion, and been recognized in the community as a faithful and consistent follower of Christ. Her last illness was painful, but her end peaceful and triumphant.

M. E. W.

The Secular World.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on the 23d, after a session of 169 days, the longest on record.

The London *Star* commends the policy of the United States for its prudent course in reference to Cuba, and says that the sooner the people are reminded that a neutral country has duties incompatible with the sending out of privateers and warlike expeditions the better.

The Supreme Court of Georgia decided, on the 22d, that the Code of Georgia, adopted by the new Constitution, forever prohibits marriage relations between white persons and persons of African descent, and declares such marriages null and void. *Forever?*

On the 22d, Dorchester was united to Boston by a popular vote, which, though light, was very decided, — the vote in Boston being 3,420 for to 565 against, and in Dorchester 928 in favor to 726 against. There was no excitement. This vote makes the sixteenth ward of Boston.

The Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was prorogued on the 2d. The Governor-General made a speech, congratulating the members on the results of the session, and alluding in complimentary terms to the efforts made towards the confederation of British North America.

It is rumored that we are to have, in the fall, a visit from Alfred, the sailor prince, and second son of Victoria. Any of the Queen's children would be welcome among us for our own sake, if nothing else. Nearly ten years have passed since Wales was our guest, and, though Alfred is but a lesser light, yet in all probability he will have a hearty ovation.

The great diamond found at the Cape of Good Hope has arrived in England. It weighs eighty-three carats, and had an insurance upon it, during the voyage, of £30,000. The royalty claims keep silent those who have discovered other gems, but mention is made of one other diamond for which £1,500 was offered and refused. The search for gold in the locality does not seem to promise very great results.

Ismail Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, arrived in London on the 22d. He is the guest of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, which has been fitted up for his residence. A series of brilliant fetes have been arranged in his honor, and will take place during his stay in this country. The Viceroy was met at the railway station, by the Prince of Wales and others, and, escorted by a large military procession, was conducted through the streets to Buckingham Palace. An immense crowd of people lined the way, and repeatedly cheered the Viceroy.

They are having a revolution out in Tahiti, or, as it used to be called, Otaheite. These once unsophisticated and simple-minded barbarians have become so enlightened and civilized, that they have their own French revolutions. The governor proclaims his intention of establishing a new form of internal government, and arrests M. Boyer, the ordonner, and M. Wallaye, procureur of the imperial chef de judiciaire, by appointment from the Emperor; and so the tempest in the teapot commences. A gibbet is a sign of civilization, and so is a revolution.

The death of Henry J. Raymond is generally noticed by the press of London, and in every case it speaks in the highest terms of the deceased as a gentleman, a publicist, and an editor. It seems that last winter, when in Washington on a brief visit, just before the inauguration, Mr. Raymond met with a severe fall, which injured him about the head and shoulders so much that he was obliged to keep his bed for several days. The physicians now say that in this fall the sensitive veins connecting with his brain were hurt much more seriously than was thought at the time. And their theory of his death is this: that through the constant working of the brain since then, these injured veins had gradually become more and more delicate, thinner and thinner, until the quick rush of blood to his head, when he leaned over to fix the lower bolt on the door of his house on the night of his demise, burst them, and caused his sudden death.

How the young of New York are being educated is noticed by a recent correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*:

"Yesterday afternoon I dropped into Niblo's, where the Lydia Thompson troupe are playing the burlesque, "Simbad the Sailor," the most indecent thing yet, and I noticed among the audience a band of about a hundred little fellows, school I afterwards learned, which had been invited by the proprietors of the theatre to witness the show. Not a demonstration was made by these little fellows, until two blondes, scandalously attired, or wanting in attire, appeared; then, at a signal from their teacher, their shrill voices went up in cheers for the beautiful women; and when Lydia Thompson, the leader of all the blondes, their queen, and truly a most lovely woman, came before the lights, another cheer in concert was given. And this was repeated whenever a 'nude' came upon the stage. To see these little fellows there, and to hear their little voices cheering, was indeed saddening."

Is there no law to reach this case? But what can we expect of a city that permits Mary Smith to be imprisoned in a Popish Inquisition because she is a Methodist!

Somewhat to the nation's surprise, a change has taken place in the Cabinet. Mr. Borie, who originally accepted the position of Secretary of the Navy with reluctance, resigned in favor of George W. Robeson, Attorney-General of New Jersey. A good deal was expected of Mr. Borie, but of his successor we cannot look for much, seeing that he has had no experience whatever in naval matters. He is unmarried and not yet forty years of age, though he looks older. During the war he was Adjutant-General of his State.

The political contest in Virginia is quite exciting. Registration in the State closed on the 25th. The conservatives claim an increase in their vote of 20,000.

Some rather important negotiations are going on with Canada and England relative to the new reciprocity treaty with Canada. We know nothing of the particulars; but it is probable something like the former arrangements will be restored. We trust our long-headed (we were about to say eared) legislators will have been taught a sufficiently impressive lesson about abrogating the Reciprocity Treaty—an action which has unnecessarily cost the country uncounted millions. Let us have a most liberal reciprocity treaty, and Free Trade will follow.

Class-day at Harvard took place on the 25th. It was an enjoyable occasion, and observed with the usual formalities and hilarities.

We learn from North Carolina that the people generally are at work, and that section is making good progress this season in the right direction. The crops in that State, as well as South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, are generally looking well. Corn and rice in the neighborhood of Savannah are particularly promising.

Commencement at Williams College took place last week. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Judge Charles L. Benedict, of New York; C. W. Eliot, President of Harvard; Gen. Wool of Troy, and Hon. H. L. Dawes of Pittsfield; and that of D. D. upon the Rev. J. W. Bailey of Carlinville, Illinois, and the Rev. L. E. Smith of New York.

The Maine Republican State Convention met at Bangor on the 25th ult., and nominated Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain for reelection on the first ballot, and the nomination was afterwards made unanimous.

News Notes.—In the British House of Lords, on the 25th ult., Lord Redesdale gave notice of an amendment to the Irish Church bill, to allow Irish Bishops to retain their seats in the House of Lords. — Napoleon made a speech at the Camp of Châlons on the 24th. — The Great Eastern is successfully laying the French cable. — Haytian advice represent that President Salnave has been badly defeated before Aux Cayes. — Boston and Philadelphia are both to have statues of Washington inaugurated on the 5th. — Chief Engineer Darmell was presented with some valuable plate last week by a committee from Philadelphia Resolution Hose Company. — Two Frenchmen were recently arrested and fined in the French Roman Catholic town of St. Henry, Canada, for selling Testaments. The affair is to be investigated. We should think it ought to be. An annexationist paper has been started in Vermont for circulation in Canada. — United States 5.20 bonds in London 80¢.

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

The Roman Catholic choirs are shortly to give a concert in the Coliseum under the lead of Mr. Gilmore, for the benefit of Roman Catholic Destitute Children. — On the 10th ult. the Bank of England reduced the rate of discount to four per cent., and the surplus of bullion was so large that a further reduction was anticipated. — The police arrangements at the recent Jubilee in Boston were as near perfect as possible. — Prince Henri de Bourbon has married Miss Payne, an American heiress. Thus we are becoming snobbish—that is, our women are. We must remain plain Misters. — Guizot has been admonished by his physician to write no more. He is very old and decrepit. — A quiet gentleman, who lately died in Germany, confessed on his death-bed to having poisoned sixteen members of his own family in order to inherit their property. — The Mexican Exhibition in Boston is well worth seeing. — This is a kind world after all. When a man is going up, everybody helps him; and when he is going down, no one hinders him. — Mr. Motley has been for some time the guest of Mr. Charles Dickens. — On the 9th of June, accompanied by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins, he paid a visit to the Chatham Garrison, where he dined with Gen. Murray. — James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, has been visiting Tennyson and Dickens. — There is talk of making Carlyle a peer. Fancy it! Lord Rasp. — *Flibbertigibbet* is a new English magazine that is announced for the avowed purpose of proclaiming war to the knife against humbug, snobbery, jobbery, corruption, sensualism, extremes, and extravagance. Please exchange. — A man in Connecticut has invented an "improved head-rest for attachment to church pews, formed by the combination of the stuffing, covering-plate, band, base-plate, and springs with each other." This is good news for Eutychus. — We understand strawberries are in

the market. — This is the way a Christian gentleman writes of the "sport" of bass fishing:—"No fish struggles harder for their lives when hooked than the black bass. They bite sharply at the live minnow, and ravenously take the spoon. We have 'killed' them in the St. Lawrence River, in the waters of Lake Champlain and in other places, and we know them to be a fine game fish. A six-pounder at the end of a line will give an angler all the excitement he wants. Their leaping from the water quite into the air when snubbed, their earnest struggles for life, and their determination to clear themselves from all entanglements, afford excellent sport for the angler." — At a social meeting of negroes in Baltimore, a few days ago, the following toast was offered: "Our wives and daughters—May the women of our race never unsex themselves by becoming strong-minded."

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL STATE CONVENTION

OF S. S. TEACHERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

This Convention was held in the Trinity M. E. Church in Charlestown, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 23 and 24. W. C. Chapin, esq., of Lawrence, called the Convention to order. Hon. Liverus Hull was chosen President. Rev. Dr. Miles, of Charlestown, welcomed the friends of Sabbath-schools to the city in a cordial address. Philip Phillips, esq. conducted the singing to the delight of all.

At 10.30, Rev. Alfred Taylor, of Philadelphia, addressed the Convention on the following topics: — 1. Opening Exercises of S. S. Institute; 2. The Teacher's Home Work; 3. Teachers in the Class; 4. The Art of Asking Questions. On these topics he made a somewhat rambling talk, full of quite good things. He is an example of vivacity, snap, and earnestness, and is a living rebuke to the inexorable dullness which seems the whole stock in trade of some Sabbath-school teachers. He gave, during the course of his remarks, two very fine examples of the general method to be employed in teaching.

At the afternoon session the exercises were exceedingly profitable. Rev. Mr. Jones, of Hingham, read a finely written essay, on "What the Teacher may Do for the Church and Pastor." The second essay was by the Rev. Mr. Brigham, of Springfield, on "What a Pastor may Do for the Teachers and Scholars." It was apt and telling, abounding in palpable hits; and demonstrated that the pastor should always be the commander and leader of all the host, especially the Sunday-school. These essays were followed by an address "On Infant Class Teaching," by Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Philadelphia. He showed the "how" of teaching, by the use of illustrations upon blackboards. He made many pungent remarks with regard to proper methods for interesting children, and made prominent the need of having the worship and sermons of the Sabbath more interesting and instructive to the members of the Sunday-school. One of these remarks was such a "gentle hint," and suggested so vividly the stilted, sombre, and unrefreshing preachers which sometimes have tortured us into an equally unrefreshing slumber that we wish it could be hung, as an illuminated motto, before the eye of every preacher: "It is no sin to make a sermon interesting."

At 4 o'clock the Convention resolved itself into four sections for Conference: — Superintendents, Teachers of Bible and Intermediate Classes, Teachers of Infant Classes, Pastors and Parents.

The evening session was declared by an enthusiastic brother to be the best one held, and he was probably right.

The general topic of the evening was "Teacher Training," discussed in five minute speeches, as answers to two questions; 1st. What are the necessities of Sunday-school teachers? 2d. "How shall these necessities be met?" The result reached to be put in one sentence, would read, "A baptism of heart and brain by the Holy Spirit." We have believed in the baptism of the heart. Do we not need to revive the old Scripture doctrine of a special illumination of the mind by the Holy Ghost in answer to prayer? We think so. While all human helps are not to be underrated or despised, yet it is certain that the Holy Spirit is, and always must be, His own and best interpreter.

Philip Phillips closed the session with a brief lecture on singing, in which he made prominent, as he ought, congregational singing, and said in substance that if the Sunday-school would adopt more of the solid hymns and tunes of the sanctuary, and if in our worship

we would adopt more of the Sabbath-school style of singing, which is congregational, it would go a long way toward securing the desired result. His singing, interspersing his remarks, touched all hearts, and won unqualified praise.

On Thursday A. M., the Convention continued its work with increased attendance and interest.

Rev. Ed. G. Taylor of Lexington addressed the congregation on "Studies in Bible Lands," illustrating the same by charts, maps, drawings, etc.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst of Stoneham, followed with a vivacious and profitable speech on "Uniform Lessons and Teachers' Meetings."

G. W. Chipman, esq., closed the discussions of the morning with an earnest speech on the "Wants and Difficulties of Country Schools."

At the closing session the Convention listened to the reports of the chairmen of the different sections into which it divided itself on Wednesday afternoon, and then filled up the balance of the time in announcing the questions which members of the Convention had submitted in writing during its sessions.

Greater zeal and activity must be the result of the gathering.

NEW, PRACTICAL, AND SUCCESSFUL IDEAS. — Life insurance in this country has reached such perfection that one of the younger N. Y. City Companies (the American Popular) now offers to its insured partners, or patrons, *medical treatment* of the most skillful kind to be obtained (when not deemed to be intrusive), and actually classifies its risks or insured persons according to their capabilities of living, varying the amounts of their premiums accordingly, each class sharing its own surplus unimpeded by association with inferior risks. This is, of course, the very perfection of insurance. The "best lives" can now obtain, as they should, far more immediate and ultimate insurance, for the same premiums, than the best companies on the "old plan," giving the largest dividends, could ever afford them.

We see by their report, that, during three years, they have incurred but *four losses by death in their "best class," numbering nearly 3,000 persons, and in all their classes, during twelve months, there was only one death in every 1,667 persons insured*; while, during the same time, the other Companies experienced, on an average, *one death in every 357 persons insured*.

This remarkable success demonstrates conclusively to the public the practicability of the improved methods of business, for the development of which this Company was *especially* organized, and makes it plain to all how they can easily afford such advantages as they offer to the "best lives."

Their new methods avoid the numerous losses experienced by the old plan, by *securing a better class of lives*, and in any insurance business, that system and management which results in the smallest ratio of loss is obviously the best.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

Compiled from the last published Report of the Massachusetts Insurance Commissioner, showing the ratio of claims by death to policies issued during same twelve months in the leading Life Insurance Companies.

Name of Company.	Ratio.	Insured.
Mass. Mutual.....	31	or one death in every 476
N. E. Mutual.....	30	" 500
Atlas.....	32	" 313
Ct. Mutual.....	30	" 333
Equitable.....	30	" 333
Germania.....	41	" 244
Globe Mutual.....	29	" 357
Knickerbocker.....	42	" 238
Mutual Life.....	14	" 714
Mutual Benefit.....	32	" 313
New York Life.....	52	" 192
North American.....	29	" 345
Security.....	69	" 1,111
American Popular.....	66*	" 1,667
Total Ratio..	29	" 345

What is there in the system or management of these Companies that will account for these wide differences in the proportionate number of deaths?

Rev. S. Cushing, Jr., is the Agent of this Company. His office is at 238 Washington Street. He is as popular an agent as the name of his Company.

July 1, 1861

* This represents one death, which was an impaired life; the others represent sound lives only.

Commercial.

MONDAY, June 28.

There is little or no change to note in the Money market; but as there has been little pressure, everything has gone on quite comfortably. Rates show no special change, the quotations for business paper still within the previously quoted range of 7½ to 9 per cent. Although there have been negotiations of paper ranking as first class, at 9 per cent., and even higher, the bulk of the business appears to have been done at 7½ to 8 per cent.

GENERAL BUSINESS. — There has been little change in the market for principal articles the past week. Coal remains in steady retail demand, at 85¢ per cwt. Cotton ranges from 25¢ e. for ordinary, to 85¢ for good middling. In the Fish Market the receipts of Mackerel have been light, with a firm market, and a tendency to higher prices; Alewives are in better demand, and the stock of Codfish is not large. Flour for all grades is quiet, the best St. Louis brands being 95¢ per cwt. Corn is quiet. In Provisions the stock of Pork and Lard in first hands has been much reduced, and prices are consequently firm; Clear Pork, Western and City, packed, \$35¢ per cwt.; mess

do. \$33.50; Lard, 20¢ per cwt. for kettle and steam rendered; Smoked Hams, 15¢ per cwt. e. per lb.; Beef \$23.50 per family plates. Sugar quiet, 15¢ to 16 for granulated. Butter firm, at 35¢ for choice. Cheese, 12¢ per lb. Eggs, 24¢ per cwt. Veal, 12¢ per lb. Lamb, 15¢ per cwt. e. per lb.; hind, 15¢ per lb. Strawberries, 25¢ per cwt. for Natives. Potatoes, Jackson's, 55¢ per bush. Peas, \$4 per bush. String Beans, \$1.50 per bush. Hay well supplied.

THE LEATHER MARKET. — The market for Sole Leather during the past week has ruled rather quiet, and the demand has fallen somewhat below the expectation of dealers; prices, however, show no material change, if we except a slight advance in heavy and good damaged. Cropped Leather is dull, and the manufacturers of Haverhill and Lynn are waiting for more active movements in goods before purchasing their fall supplies of stock. Rough Leather is less active than at our last report, and on light Hocklock we note a decline of 1¢ per lb. Calf Skins remain without special change, and there is a fair inquiry at quoted rates. The demand for finished Leather of all descriptions is only moderate, and while there is no special change in price, the low grades of wax have rather ruled in buyers' favor.

The Markets.

CAMBRIDGE MARKET.

CATTLE. — The demand for Cattle to-day has been better than last week. But few Northern at market.

The Northern drivers will begin to run live stock more freely in the course of two or three weeks. Among the offerings were some good likely Oxen, and the larger part were of good grade. A shade higher paid, but not to exceed 1 cent per lb. Highest prices quoted, \$18 to \$18.25 per cwt.

Sheep. — There has been a hard market for common lots; one lot by J. Sabin, that would have brought 6 cents per lb. quick last week, was bid 3½ cents per lb. Mr. Sabin will probably carry them back home, or turn them out to feed in this vicinity, three or four miles from market, and wait for a better trade. We find upon inquiry that the supply of Sheep and Lambs from the Northern States, will begin to increase two weeks hence. Good lots are in demand, and find instant sale.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

CATTLE. — Receipts of Western Cattle for the week, \$1,883 head. The general run of the stock would not compare in goodness to last week's supply.

As generally observed, the dealers obtained a slight advance in price, and less per cent. shrinkage granted; and as the offerings were bought at Albany on better terms, dealers were the gainers.

How the market will be next week, remains a matter of speculation; we judge that present prices will be held firm.

Sheep. — Receipts, 5,008. All Western, bought at Albany by Brighton butchers on commission.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Reported for Zion's HERALD, by GEORGE J. FOX, for the week ending June 24, 1861.

Amounts of Live Stock at Market.

Cattle. Sheep and Lambs. Swine. This week..... 1,982..... 6,668..... 3,146 Last week..... 2,064..... 5,624..... 3,207

Prices of Market Beef.

Extra, \$12.00 per cwt. 12.50; first quality, \$12.50; second quality, \$11.75; third quality, \$11.50.

Prices of Store Cattle.

Working Oxen, pair, from \$150 to \$200; Milk Cows and Calves, from \$80 to \$100; Yearlings, 18 to 25 months old, from \$25 to \$40; 2 to 3 years old, \$45 to \$62; Western Fat Swine, live, 10½ to 11 cents; Dressed, 12½ to 13 cents per lb.; Stores Wholesale, 13 to 14½ cents; Retail, 13 to 15 cents per lb. Columbian Co. N. Y. Pigs, 10 to 25 cents per lb.

Prices of Sheep and Lambs.

In lots, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50 per cwt. each; Extra, \$4.50; from 4 to 9½ cents per lb. Spring Lambs, \$6 to \$8.00. Veal Calves, \$3 to \$5.

Prices of Hides, Tallow, and Skins.

Brighton Hides, 10 to 10½ cents per lb. Tallow, 7½ to 8½ cents per lb. Country Hides, 9½ to 10 cents per lb. Lamb Skins, 50 to 60 cents each. Calf Skins, 23 to 25 cents per lb. Sheared Lamb Skins, 17 to 25 cents each.

Classification of Cattle and Sheep.

N. B. — Beef Extra and First quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat Oxen. Second and Third quality includes Oxen, and two and three year old Steers.

Sheep. — Extra includes Lambs, and when those of inferior quality are thrown out.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE. — The Wonder of the Age — with single, eye-pointed Needle. Simple, Cheap, Reliable — for Family Use. Agents wanted everywhere to introduce them. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me.

81 June 24, 41 117*

Mrs. N. H. CUSHING. — missionary at Tongoo, writes: "I have used all of the Arnold's *Balsam*, and find it very valuable indeed; so much so, I must have more sent to me, care of Missionary Rooms, Boston."

July 1.

A Balm for every Wound. — *Grace's Celebrated Salve* is now so generally used for the cure of flesh wounds, cuts, burns, ulcers, felonies, sprains, and all diseases of the skin, that praise of it seems to be needless. Those who have tried it once always keep a box on hand, and nothing will induce them to be without a supply.

July 1, 1861

16*

Business Letters Received to June 26.

James S. Brown.

F. A. Clegg.

P. A. Foster.

R. D. Hopkins, J. M. Haskell, John H. Hight.

J. L. Jackson, N. P. Philbrick.

J. Richardson, M. Ransom.

Wesley C. Sawyer, Samuel Smithson.

E. R. Thorndike.

Charles B. Wallace, S. H. Weaver, J. W. Whitaker, L. Wing, Benj. F. Wood.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. N. W. Miller, Kendal's Mills, Me.

Rev. J. H. Bennett, Box 973, Bath, Me.

Rev. H. F. A. Patterson, Atkinson, Me.

Rev. E. W. Hutchinson, Bucksport, Me.

ZION'S HERALD.

Marriages.

In this city, June 22, by Rev. Mr. Chapman, Charles B. Rice, esq., Superintendent of Faneuil Hall Market, to Miss Marianne Stephens.

In East Boston, June 6, by Rev. L. J. Hall, Louis Walter to Miss Mary E. Knowles, both of this city; June 10, John D. Stevens, of this city, to Miss Martha W. K. Kline, of Leavenworth.

At No. 3 Kearse Avenue, Boston Highlands, June 10, by Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, George A. Howe to Miss, Louis M. Collyer, all of Boston.

In Warren, June 6, by Rev. L. L. Eastman, James B. Eastman to Miss Mary L. Leonard, all of Warren.

In Chelsea, June 6, by Rev. Lazarus Boyden, James H. Somes to Miss Mary E. Foss, both of Boston; also, in Boston, June 15, William W. Lelum, of Charlestown, to Miss Wilhelmina P. Thompson, of Boston.

In Worcester, June 8, by Rev. C. H. Hanaford, Christopher A. Cady, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Alice P., daughter of John Dean, esq., of Worcester.

In Worcester, by Rev. U. H. Hanaford, June 15, Joseph Devoreaux, of Auburn, to Miss Ellen Cross, of Worcester.

In Thompson, Ct., June 18, by Rev. Lewis E. Dunham, Vernon S. Robinson to Miss Jenny Lucie, both of Thompson.

In Monument, June 20, by Rev. S. F. Whidden, Chas. P. Handy to Miss Harriet J. Weeks, both of Sandwich.

In Wiscasset, June 17, by Rev. J. N. Marsh, Joseph G. White to Miss Julia A. Baker, both of Wiscasset, Me.

At the M. E. Parsonage in North Manchester, Ct., June 21, by Rev. E. Fuller, William A. Bushnell to Miss Estella A. Wilson, both of Manchester.

In Monson, June 21, by Rev. Daniel Halloran, Rev. Roscoe Sanderson, of Portland, to Miss Addie W. Luque, of K.

In Kennebunkport, Me., June 5, by Rev. Daniel Halloran, Ferdinand W. Lombard, of Saco, to Miss Mary E. Wides, of Kennebunkport.

In Providence, Trinity Church, May 5, by Rev. E. S. Stanley, assisted by Rev. N. A. Cooper, Robert Nichols, of Providence, to Flora M. Banning, of the same city.

June 9, by Rev. C. S. Macready, Daniel R. Nichols, of Henriksen, N. H., to Miss Charlotte E. Morrison, of Providence; Edwin H. Brown to Miss Delphine Lewis, both of Willimantic.

In Thompsonville, Ct., May 13, by Rev. J. Howson, David McIntosh to Miss Susan Hargy; June 1, Christopher Wiseman to Miss Jennette Gemmill, all of Thompsonville.

In North Manchester, Ct., by Rev. Geo. E. Fuller, Wm. H. Fletcher, of Hartford, Ct., to Miss Emerette I. Griswold, of Manchester, Ct.

In South Aeworth, N. H., April 5, by Rev. A. C. Hardy, Rev. J. H. Hillman, of the N. H. Conference, to Miss H. Jennie Greeley, of South Aeworth.

In Lebanon, N. H., April 6, by Rev. A. C. Hardy, Darwin E. Babbit to Miss Anna E. Briggs, of Lebanon.

In Epping, N. H., June 2, by Rev. A. K. Lunt, Thomas H. Reed, N. H., to Miss Mary E. Lunt, both of E.

In Rindge, N. H., at the Brick Church, June 2, Rev. N. Fick, George E. Lincoln, of Lancaster, Mass., to Miss Fannie E. Narmon, of Richmond, N. H.

Deaths.

In North Bridgewater, Mass., May 15, Miss Judith Whipple, daughter of Fernando Whipple, esq., aged 35.

In Medford, May 30, Henry Pratt, only son of Harriet P. and the late George B. Hadley, aged 8 years and 2 months. Little Henry bore his painful sickness with great patience, and when he approached the river, that he set his love ones on the other side; and now joins with his sainted father in giving praise to him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In Corinth, Me., June 14, Elsora H. Copp, daughter of J. M. and J. R. Copp, aged 5 years and 17 days.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

The Asbury Grove (Hamilton) Camp-meeting will commence August 16.

Sterling Camp-meeting commences Aug. 23.

Willimantic Camp-meeting, Aug. 30.

Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.

Hedding Camp-meeting, Epping, N. H., Aug. 23.

Acknowledgments.

Rev. O. W. Scott and wife would gratefully acknowledge gifts of "greenbacks" from Salmon Falls friends, at a late surprise party.

A FINE LITHOGRAPH OF VINET.—The Rev. Narcisse Cyr has caused the portrait of Alexander Vinet to be lithographed, and it is now sold at one dollar for the benefit of the Paris Religious Tract Society, which Mr. Cyr represents in America. Vinet, who was born near Lausanne, in Switzerland, in 1797, and died not far from that city in 1847, is one of the greatest writers of the age. His works, theological, religious, philosophical, and literature, comprising over twenty volumes, few of which are translated into English. Many in this country will be glad to receive this beautiful likeness of the great French-Swiss thinker. Address L. E. Elliott, 322 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

"L'AMI DE LA JEUNESSE ET DES FAMILLES,"—Such is the title of a Monthly Illustrated Magazine, literary and religious, published by the Paris Tract Society, and edited by the Pasteur Béguin, one of the best writers of France. It is especially recommended to American families as a valuable means of improvement in the French language. Terms, two dollars a year. Address Rev. N. Cyr, American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE SEMINARY, RHODE ISLAND.—Order of Anniversary Exercises.—July 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1859.

Examination of Classes, Monday, July 5, and on Tuesday, until 11 A. M.

Annual Sermon, Sunday evening, July 4, at 7½ o'clock, by Rev. Mark Tratton, of Providence.

Address before the Philanthropic Society, 7½ P. M., Monday, by Prof. Fales H. Newhall, D. D., of Middle-town.

Address before the Thugatrophic Society, 7½ P. M., Tuesday.

Students' Exhibition, 8 A. M., Wednesday.

Meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees, at 2 P. M., Wednesday.

Reunion, Wednesday evening.

The friends of the Seminary are invited to be present.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL—WINTHROP STREET CHURCH.—A Strawberry Festival will be held in the vestry of the new Winthrop Street Church, Roxbury, this (Thursday) evening, at half past 7 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents each, at the door. The first religious services will be held on Sunday next, July 4, commencing with Prayer-meeting at half past 9 A. M., and Preaching at half past 10. At half past 2 P. M. there will be a Concert by the Sunday-school, with Addresses from Gen. Banks, Judge Russell, Uncle Cook, Rev. A. McKeown, and others, and an Ode by Mr. C. Henry St. John.

TO THE PREACHERS ON SANDWICH DISTRICT.—The Preachers on Sandwich District are informed that, according to instruction received at their late Preachers' Meeting, the subscribers has secured a tent for their accommodation at the National Camp-meeting. It will be ready for occupancy on the day of their arrival. They will leave Boston from the Fitchburg Depot, via Rutland, Tuesday, July 6, at 7:30 A. M.

For order W. T. HARLOW.

NOTICE.—The following persons named in² an act incorporating "The Gardner District Camp-meeting Association," are requested to meet at the vestry of the Park Street Church, Lewiston, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July next, at 2 o'clock P. M., to act upon the following business, viz.:—

1. To see if said corporators will accept the act of incorporation.

2. To choose such officers as may be needed to secure the objects of said act.

3. To see if said corporators will adopt a code of By-Laws.

To take any other measures that will secure the objects of the above act.

To transact any other business which they may find necessary.

D. B. RANDALL, Auburn, June 22, 1859.

JOS. NEVINS.

The following are the names of the corporators: Cyrus A. King, Oxford; Lewis Peasey, Fitchburg; Samuel Hicks, Minot; Jos. Nevins, Easton Martin, Benjamin T. Emery, William Robinson, E. M. Sturdivant, H. G. Pinney, John Oaks, Daniel Wood, Lewiston; D. H. Leavitt, D. B. Randall, H. J. Ayer, Auburn.

At the M. E. Parsonage in North Manchester, Ct., June 21, by Rev. E. Fuller, William A. Bushnell to Miss Estella A. Wilson, both of Manchester.

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